JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 16, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. LXXV. No. 994. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

WILL IT RAIN BLUE RUIN?

by NORMAN ANGELL

The Magic Halfpenny

LOOK AT IT CLOSELY AND THINK!

IT WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO SAVE £.S.D.—TIME, WORK AND WORRY.

What you get for your halfpenny.

A sample of the famous Preservene Soap from Australia, which will enable you to wash a few teacloths, towels, or any similar article—the more soiled they are the better it will illustrate that you can wash linen and cotton goods by boiling only. No preparation is required whatsoever, except to shred up the sample that we will send you. No soda required, or anything else. There are no injurious chemicals in Preservene, so the linen lasts longer.

FOUR E.S. PRESERVENE SOAP FOR EASE

The "E.E.E.E.'s" soap is made from the very finest and purest materials scientifically blended to dissolve all spots and stains as if by magic.

STOP HERE & GET THE SCISSORS

and then cut out the coupon below after filling in plainly your name and address, town and county. Put the coupon in an envelope, but do not seal it down. The halfpenny is to buy the stamp to fix on the envelope.

POST THIS LUCKY COUPON TO-DAY

Don't seal envelope.

To THE AUSTRALIAN SOAP COMPANY, Dept. 283, 215/217, Mare Street, Hackney, E.8.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... *County*.....

This applies to England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man only.

100 candle Power PIFCO 4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp 30/-

Send No Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd.,

94, High St., MANCHESTER.

Stocked in 37 different styles.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 B.R.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO

TRUE HAIR GROWER.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

The standard remedy for over 50 years

Gives instant relief from *Catarrh, Asthma*, etc.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

4s. 6d. a tin

50% SAVED.

50 SHAVES WITH ONE BLADE

A few of thousands of unsolicited testimonials:—

"50 shaves with one blade and still as good as ever."

"They are better than what I paid 4/6 dozen for here."

"I am only using the second out of the packet yet, so I think that is proof of their quality. I am 78 years of age and have a very strong beard, but 'Nieso' moves it alright."

NIESO

These blades will fit any Gillette pattern razor. Price: 1 dozen for 2/3; 6 dozen for 1/-. Postage paid.

ADVERTISING OFFER (4 weeks only).

GENUINE GILLETTE RAZO. Complete in case with 1 dozen NIESO BLADES. Postage paid, 6/6 each.

Enquiries from the trade invited.

WARNING. The "Nieso" is fully protected under Class 28 of Trade Marks, Reg. No. 426064, and proceedings will be taken against any person or firm found imitating or selling "Nieso" Blades, unless obtained through the Wholesale Distributors,

J. V. HICOLL & CO., J.B., 14, DALE ST., LIVERPOOL.

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

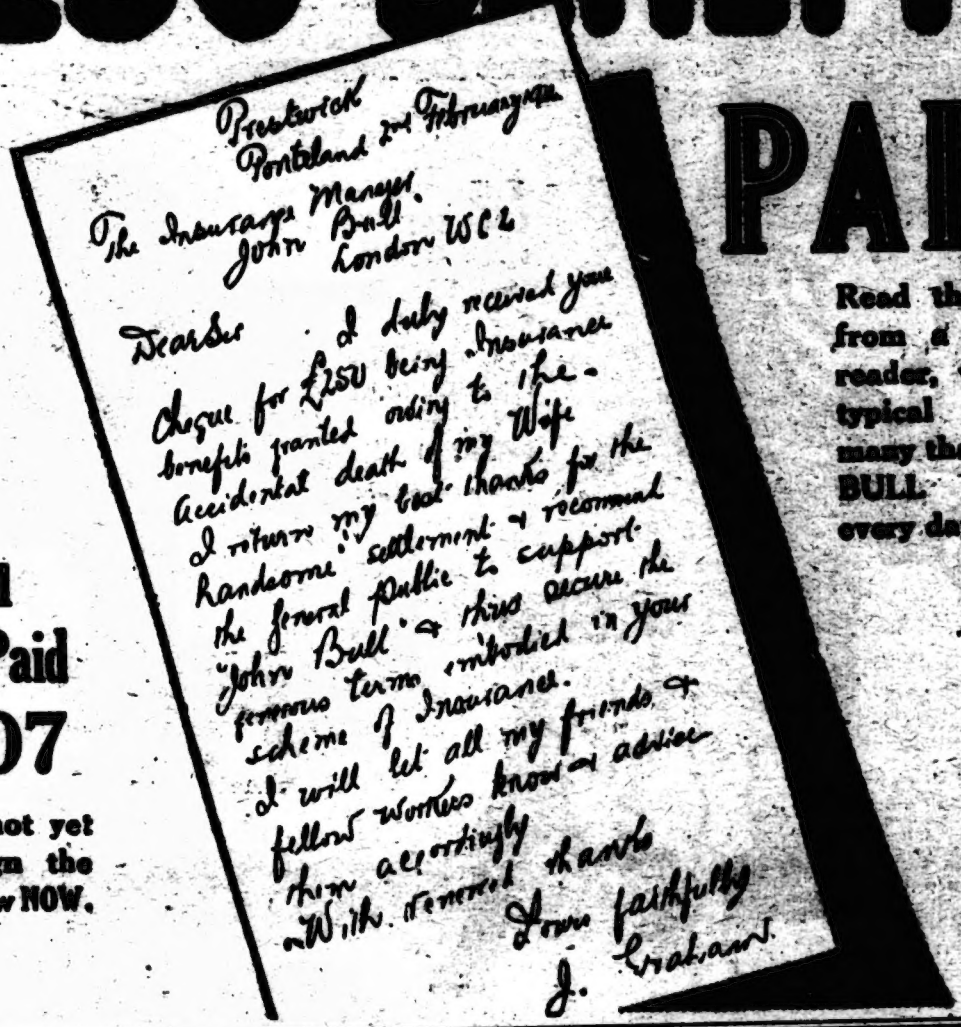
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

£250 BENEFIT PAID



Prestwick
Portland 2nd February 1924

The Insurance Manager,
John Bull
London WC2

Dear Sir

I duly received your Cheque for £250 being Insurance benefit granted owing to the Accidental death of my Wife

I return my best thanks for the handsome settlement & recommend the general Public to support "John Bull" & thus secure the generous terms embodied in your scheme of Insurance.

I will let all my friends & fellow Workers know of it & advise them accordingly

With renewed thanks

Yours faithfully
Graham
J.

Read this letter from a grateful reader, which is typical of the many that JOHN BULL receives every day.

Total Benefits Paid 11,507

If you have not yet done so, sign the coupons below NOW.

What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE.

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME & GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£500 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300 — loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500 — if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 — or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10 — Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s. — for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250 — in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing:

Football, Tennis,
Cricket, Hockey,
Golf, Lacrosse,

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£5 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250 — If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a genuine boating or bathing visitor at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

"CUT HERE"

J.B. 16.2.24.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Send 1d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

"CUT HERE"

J.B. 16.2.24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'YADIL' THE CONQUEROR

Conquerors have won fame through the death of countless millions. 'Yadil' will win fame through saving the lives of millions of people. The paths of the great soldiers of history were marked by ruin and despair. Health and happiness follow 'Yadil' Antiseptic. It wages war not on man and his works, but on disease and premature death. It truly marks the dawn of a new era for suffering mankind.

LORD LISTER foresaw the great possibilities of an effective antiseptic which could be swallowed without risk of injury to cell-tissue. But the record of my antiseptic during the last seven years exceeds, I feel confident, the most sanguine hopes entertained by Lord Lister, as it does my own. It shows that 'Yadil' will restore to health four in every five cases of consumption, provided it be used in conjunction with the diet recommended in THE YADIL BOOK. It masters promptly measles, scarlet and typhoid fevers, influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, pleurisy, catarrh, and all diseases of the respiratory organs.

MIXED with honey, 'Yadil' will stop diphtheria in one day, whooping-cough in two days, tonsilitis and throat ulcers in a few days, if given at the very first symptom of these disorders. When used for dressing wounds, scratches, stings and bites, blood-poisoning can never develop. Ringworm, ulcers, eczema, gangrene, even many cases of lupus, yield rapidly to its antiseptic powers. Internal tumours and tumours of the breast disappear under its influence, and operations are avoided. Nine cases in ten of so-called appendicitis are merely cases of intestinal inflammation, which vanishes after a few days' treatment. Gout, rheumatism, neuritis are quickly mastered, provided the diet prescribed is strictly adhered to. It heals scalds and burns in a few hours, pain ceases instantly, and *blisters do not form.*

READ the evidence published in THE YADIL BOOK. You will then understand why many doctors call 'Yadil' the greatest conqueror of disease ever known. I had it tested by the profession for six years before I would consent to make it known publicly. When it is used in every home for every disorder without exception it will yearly save the nation over one hundred thousand lives now carried away by preventable or curable infections. Order some to-day, also a copy of THE YADIL BOOK (2/6), for to-morrow you may need it in a hurry for yourself or for someone near and dear to you.

Alex Clement

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by Clement & Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-		Quart	22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-		1,000	22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the voice)		per tin	1/-
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) (Collapsible Tubes.)	2 oz. 1/6		Powder (for the Toilet) (In sprinkler tins.)		per tin	1/6

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Parkes Drug Stores, Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Ltd., Army & Navy Stores, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White Co., Ltd., Hodder & Co., Needham's & Squire's, Cockburn & Co., Ltd., and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

Pronounce it YAH — DIL

W.B.P

Big Fortunes are made today in the Mail Order Business

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

Send for Free Booklet— *"By Post to Prosperity"*

YOU, like everybody else, are longing for better times, and the things you *might* have. To add to your income *NOW* is the only way of satisfying these natural desires! Mail Order businesses are becoming increasingly popular, for shrewd buyers recognise that large savings and better bargains can be effected by buying direct from firms with practically no overhead expenses, and who are able to supply at low prices.

Hundreds of men and women in all walks of life have realised this, and consequently have sent immediately for this wonderful Free Booklet. The priceless advice and hints on Mail Order it contains, has enabled these ambitious people to establish businesses of their own in all parts of the country. And there is still room for more.

The SHAW INSTITUTE'S METHOD AIMS AT PRACTICAL RESULTS—and GETS THERE!

This may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to do something more than you ever thought possible. The field is practically unlimited, and we assert that no matter where you live, or what your position, providing you are ambitious, this great Booklet will show you how to make a success of the Mail Order Business.

You Can Start To-day.

Experience is not necessary, and it makes no difference in what locality you live. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods, kept in a spare room, if you like, and a few printed letters.

Starting with but a pound or two capital and devoting only a little of their leisure hours to the work, our students have, in many instances, built up big and lucrative businesses which ultimately have enabled them to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment to devote their whole time to their own thriving concerns.

For example, Student No. 1729 had no business experience whatever when he took up the Mail Order Business. He wrote for a copy of the Free Booklet "*By Post to Prosperity*" and later enrolled. Read what he writes:—"*It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail Order course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress as a result of the same. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back since then, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position I feel is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and also to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading I am sure there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life than there are at present. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever-ready help when I have been in doubt.*

We have hundreds of similar letters from all parts of the world. The originals can be seen at the offices of the Shaw Institute.

Send no money—merely use the Coupon below and you will receive a copy of this wonderful FREE BOOKLET "*By Post to Prosperity*," which shows how you can start a spare or whole-time mail order business at home. Send for it at once and investigate for yourself. You commit yourself to nothing by writing—so *WRITE TO-DAY.*

---COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET---

To the Secretary, The Shaw Institute,
(Dept. 24B), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C.1.

Please send me FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature showing how I can start a spare or whole time Mail Order business at Home, and how £5 can be made the basis of independence.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 16/2/24

LAST WEEKS
FOR
Half-a-Crown
YOU CAN BE
WHIRLED
INTO
HAPPINESS
By Winning the First Prize of
£5,000
IN THE
Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind
(*Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920*)
UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences; and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

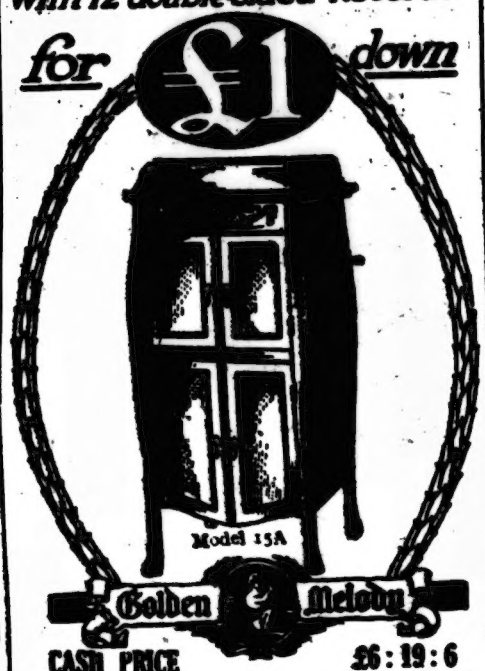
£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from
12, Oxford Street, Manchester: and from
The Hon. Treasurer, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s)
I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } value ..... and stamped addressed envelope
Name .....
Address .....
.....
(Please write distinctly and in ink.) J.B.9.

This Beautiful Cabinet Gramophone with 12 double-sided Records
for £1 down



CASH PRICE £6:19:6

Owing to our economical methods of production and sales we are now able to sell this cabinet gramophone at a lower price than has ever been asked for its equal; and also offer exceptional terms for payment. Delivered free to your home, with 24 selections of your own choice, and 200 needles, for £1. Other models at even lower prices.

WE FULLY GUARANTEE ALL MODELS.

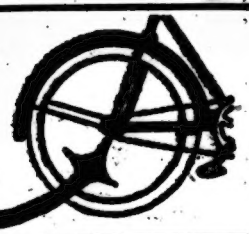
The Model, as illustrated, embodying all the latest 1924 improvements, inlaid Sheraton style, constructed chiefly of solid mahogany, richly polished, and has a spacious record compartment.

Write for illustrated Catalogue and particulars of our deferred Payments.

THE GOLDEN MELODY GRAMOPHONE Co., Dept. J.B. 16
HEAD OFFICE:—
174, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11, and at 171, Upper Tooting Road, London, S.W.17. Balham Covered Market, Bedford Hill, Balham, London, S.W. 12.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS
'Absolutely O.K.'

The little part that helps a lot
STURMEY ARCHER SPEED GEAR



Book free, Sturmey-Archer Gears, Ltd., Nottingham.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS of BARGAIN SALE
THE FAMOUS
SARTOR RAINCOAT
at the Reduced Price
17/6
Carriage Paid in the British Isles.

When we offered to supply the Genuine Famous SARTOR RAINCOAT for 17/6 for a limited period we did a daring thing. But we have been justified. The enormous success of our Bargain Sale has won for us tens of thousands of new customers all over the British Isles.

They will deal with us for years to come, and so our bold policy will be justified. The special Bargain Offer is about to be withdrawn, but even at the increased price the SARTOR will still be the best and cheapest Raincoat on the market. To obtain the SARTOR at reduced price, write NOW.

The Genuine Famous SARTOR is manufactured from a fully proofed GABARDINE, with warm, cosy check lining, finished with individual care, and suited to all weathers.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS, Style Book, and accurate Self-measurement Form.

This also ends definitely the General sale of all our other bargains.

SEND NO MONEY.
Judge the value first. GUARANTEE—If you are not entirely satisfied send the coat back, and we will refund your money in full. Send a postcard to-day to

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Dept. J.), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

THIS STOMACH REMEDY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Auto-suggestion's a fine thing, but when a person's rolling on the floor in an agonising attack of stomach upset, "I'm getting better and better" seems somewhat thin! But take Bisurated Magnesia and see what happens! The sufferer's pain goes instantly, and he or she gets up, all smiles. Bisurated Magnesia's a remedy that speaks for itself—the benefits are palpable—instant relief! And Bisurated Magnesia costs little, while indigestion may cost a valued life. Any chemist in the land can supply Bisurated Magnesia, powder or tablets, for 1/3; any doctor will say how good it is; anyone who's tried it will praise it warmly. Here, indeed, is a boon to those who sigh for health and are afraid of the best things on the table. . . But remember there's no substitute: see that it's "BISURATED" Magnesia and you'll then get the one thing that *does* give instant relief.

HAD PILES 40 YEARS.
NOW PERMANENTLY CURED
NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. Send a post card within the next ten days and you will receive a large supply of Nemolin ENTIRELY FREE OF COST.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if the case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*" writes this former sufferer, who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists.

During the next ten days the Manufacturers agree to forward post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, A LARGE FREE SUPPLY, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases, also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical.—Just send a post card to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107 J.), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W. 1.

SARTOLEUM · CORK LINO.

Perfect quality, supplied direct at bargain prices.
Cork Lino 2/9 per sq. yard;
Oilcloths 2/- per sq. yard.
SEND NO MONEY.
Call or write for Folder, showing full range of free patterns, also particulars of free gift.
FLOORCOVERINGS LTD. (Dept. 26), Sartor House, Derby St., CHEETHAM, Manchester.

Eczema, PSORIASIS, BAD LEGS, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KOREH HOUSE TREATMENT
Famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send postcard for free book, sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Koreh House, Bradford.

Tatcho-tone for Grey Hair.
25th ANNIVERSARY.
If you send in two empty cartons during this month you will receive free of a l cost, post free even, the wonderful Moc. R. Sims Tatcho Hair Health Brush. Without cartons the Brush may be obtained at all Chemists and Stores.

Price 5s. 9d.
TATCHO CO., 5a, Ct. Queen St., London, W.C.2

A New Competition

The prize-winners in our last competition are:

1st Prize £5.—H. MAITLAND, 205, Frederick Road, Aston, Birmingham.

2nd Prize £1.—W. G. GREENER, 22, Collingwood Road, West Hartlepool.

In addition, 50 consolation prizes have been forwarded to other competitors. This week we announce an entirely new competition.

JOHN BULL is your favourite paper. We endeavour to give you what you want, not only in our editorial matter but in our advertisers' announcements.

At least three million people read JOHN BULL every week. These people have their own ideas as to what goods they would like to see advertised, what firms they would like to hear about. Are there any advertisements you like to see that do not appear in JOHN BULL?

For the best statement *in not more than 12 words* (excluding the name of the advertiser) of what advertisement you would like to see in JOHN BULL that does not already appear there, and why, we offer, as before, £5, £1 and 50 consolation prizes.

Use postcards only.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive here not later than the first post, Wednesday, February 20.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

"Bulleto" £1 Prize-winners:

(*Continued from page 31*)

Hawick: H. N. Evans, 23, Cemetery Rd., Bridgend; L. Evans, Hillcot Bostetan, High St., Godalming; W. H. Fadden, 82, Stanbury Rd., Peckham, S.E.; H. Ferguson, Craigcleuan, Craigend, Perth; L. E. Fridkney, 84, Hawthorn Av., Hillsboro', Sheffield; C. G. Gattney, 20, Bridgeland St., Bideford; H. Grantham, 33, Pawsey's Rd., West Croydon; H. Greenaway, 1, Jewel House, Pope St., S.W.; S. C. Greenfield, Bank End Green, Brockholes, Nr. Huddersfield; F. J. Griffett, 4, Ferry Hinksey Rd., Oxford; J. Harrison, Ashorne, Warwick; H. R. Hawkins, 89, Newzealand Rd., Gabalfa, Cardiff; J. Hodgson, Hartwell, Aylesbury; W. Hemshall, 11, Rufford Rd., Seacombe, Ches.; J. Hepworth, Electricity Wks., Marsh Lane, Bootle; C. Heywood, 98, Rylands St., Ardwick, M/c.; A. F. Higman, Mill House, Lascalyan, Lostwithiel, Cornwall; G. Hobby, The Bungalow, Spring Hill, Scarborough; J. W. Holmes, The Hollow, Ingham, Lincoln; M. T. Kendrick, Shottle House, Harlow Hill, Harrogate; J. W. Kerry, 46, Brunsfield St., Nottingham; E. King, 16, Albion Rd., Easton, Bristol; T. Lake, King's Nympton, Chulmleigh, Devon; Mrs. E. Lloyd, Calver Cottage, Corsley, Warminster; E. L. Lord, 11, Hillthorpe Rd., Pudsey, Leeds; Miss Mackie, 31, Adelphi, Aberdeen; Mrs. A. M. McKean, 2, Priory Terr., Meriliake; R. May, 27, Victoria Rd., Margate; F. May, R.O. Hut, Tidworth, Hants.; J. Menham, 72, Oxford St., Whitley Bay; E. J. Miller, 7, Low Rd., Whitletts, nr. Ayr, N.B.; G. C. Miller, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.; R. Moseley, 52, Pollards Hill South, Norbury; J. Murray, Castle Rd., Dollar, N.B.; M. Newall, 14, Portugal St., Ashton-u.-Lyne; J. Ott, 32, Norfolk Rd., Thornton Heath; J. Peck, 8, Valley Rd., Stoke Heath, Coventry; J. Pharaoh, 76, Tapton View Rd., Chesterfield; H. Pickering, Albion House, Cromwell Rd., Risca, Mon.; R. Pinning, Lusby, Nr. Spilsby, Lincs; Mrs. W. Pollard, 11, Evans Terr., Clydach Vale, Glam.; F. Ramsden, 3, Waverley Rd., Eiland, Yorks; Miss M. Rea, 39, Jennings St., Edgeley, Stockport; E. Richards, 21, Villiers St., Hereford; Miss B. Right, c/o Mrs. Jones, 1, Yew Tree Cott., Pontfaen, Chirk, Wrexham; H. E. Ringham, Kent Cottage, St. James' Sq., Cheltenham; J. N. Roberts, 10, St. Leonard's Maisonettes, Weymouth; G. Roberts, 54, Strand St., Sandwich; G. Rook, 29, Earle Rd., Fareham, Hants.; J. A. Saunders, 15, Gwendoline St., Merthyr Tydfil; Sergt. W. M. Sedgwick, "The Bulls," Canterbury; E. G. Spickman, 3, Derby Pl., Broadsty Ferry, Forfarshire; F. R. Seymour, 26, Rock Lane West, Rock Ferry, Ches.; W. Shenham, 14, Brimmington Rd., Peckham; Mrs. F. S. Shippam, 19, Westgate, Mansfield; A. S. Shoebrook, 34, Cambridge Lane West, Plymouth; R. Smith, 161, Church St., Walker, Newcastle; J. F. Smith, 15, Castle St., Tayport; E. T. Stear, 5, Turf St., Bodmin; T. Studley, c/o Bags, 1, Middlefield, Pilrig, Edinburgh; J. P. Styles, 30, Alexandra Rd., Norbreck, Blackpool; A. Sykes, 5, Anbro' St., Scarborough; Mrs. G. Thomas, Churchill House, London; R. Tobias, 54, Bodney Rd., Hackney, E.; T. H. Tremlett, 2, Belmont Pl., Stoke, Devonport; H. Wade, 3, Turner Rd., Leicester; G. Walton, 92, Broad St., Halifax; D. Williams, 215, Gloucester Terr., London, W.; Miss P. Wollenden, Far Dene, Kirkburton, Nr. Huddersfield.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Bonsant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand Values. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

CHEAP, reliable Goods and Agencies offered to enterprising Traders by Continental Manufacturers. Particulars, 6d.—Traders' Service Agency, 14, Billiter House, London, E.C.3.

AGENTS Wanted, either sex, to form clubs. Persons in large Offices, Factories, etc., offered 5/- in the £ com. on easily sold article.—Write, Myra Co., 138, Croyland Rd., Edmonton, London, N.9.

PART-TIME Agency.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SPARE-TIME Agency.—Add to your income by selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Bicycles, etc. Cash or credit. Highest com. Men in regular work apply for particulars to Sharmans, St. Albans, Herts.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU?
Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of Scientific Salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the Science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position awaits you at the end of the Course; a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly-paid profession. Don't delay with opportunity, send straight away for interestly interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 29 T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus. —S. B. M. G., Dept. 190, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

AN ERROR EXPLAINED.
In the advertisement of The Capital Press, which appears weekly under this Classification, an error was made in printing in our issue dated Feb. 2nd. It stated "Four advertisements," instead of "Four advertisement" (as below), and we desire to express our regrets for any inconvenience or annoyance which those who responded to the advertisement may have suffered therefor.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Daily and Weekly Press.—Write for prospectus.—Capital Press (Series Dept. 50), 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

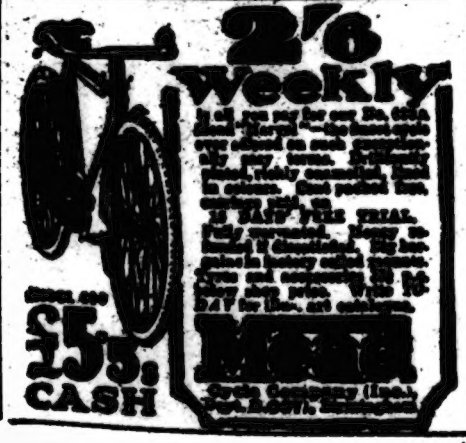
£2 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of £5/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Fothani St., Nottingham.

500 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Cookaine, 1st Spare-time Employments, 41 Money-making Secrets (small capitalists), 2000 Trade Secrets, 1200 Patent Medicine Formulæ, 1/6, post paid. — J. & B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALL-PAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest. from 2½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.



2/6 Weekly

CASH £5 15s.

BOOTS. — Buy Factory Direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for Lists (L) and particulars. — British Boot Co., Bristol.

FRUIT SPOON, Silver-plated N.P., 8½ in. long, Fancy Pattern Gilt Fluted Bowl in Gilt Bowl, 1/9, post free, or PAIR in Velvet and White Lined case, 4/6, post free.—Bells (J.B.), 76, Onslow Road, Sheffield.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—HYLES, 262-276, Holloway Road, N.7.

FREE Catalogue special Housewives' Bargains, LINEN, Fancy Goods, etc.—J. Mann, Dept. B., 19, Burnett Avenue, Bradford.

FANCY LEATHER at plain prices. Send for free patterns.—Commercial Leather Co., 4, Commercial Place, Wellingborough.

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.—500 10/- parcels of Hosiery, Drapery, etc. Worth 17/6. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postage 6d. — Morris Hosiery Co., Story Street, Hull.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

PEAT Moss Litter, 10/- 2-cwt. bale, 5/6 large sack. Excellent Poultry Litter, good Bulb Fibre. F.O.R.—Alfden & Co., 1, Lower Brook Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

SUEDE LEATHER, all beautiful colours, 9d. ft. Buy direct. Send 2d. stamp for set of patterns.—Catt, Leather Wks., Northampton.

HARRIS.—Genuine Harris and Scotch Tweeds, also Knitting Wools, direct from Scotland; selection of patterns post free.—G. GRANT, 211, Union Street, ABERDEEN.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Smse Inst., Fosting Grove, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Hild. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 29, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 9), 15, Holborn, London.

Buy a BLICK and bank the balance

Before you pay big prices for cumbersome typewriters of other makes investigate the "BLICK." It is a real Typewriter—plus Portability, Visible Writing, Strong Manifold, 90 Characters—complete in handsome Travelling Case.

Blick UNIVERSAL

FREE GIFT

Every machine purchased from this advertisement by new Blick buyers before August 1st will receive in addition to usual assortment — 1 Shorter Book 1 Paper clip, 1 Eraser, 1 dot. Carbonel, 1 Felt Pad. Total Value 2/6

WHEN you buy a high-priced typewriter you are losing—throwing away in fact—the difference between what you pay for the high priced machine and what you pay for a BLICK. Isn't it obvious? The BLICK costs you far less to buy than the ordinary heavy "standard" machine. But there is nothing a big machine can do that the BLICK—for all its light weight and moderate price—cannot do equally well. It is built to do more work, quicker work—*cheaper work*. Better still, it travels with you. Strong enough for office use, yet light enough to carry. At home, in the comfortable seclusion of the family circle, it will write your letters, summaries, reports, or help clear up surplus work that might have necessitated a late night at the office.

A POST CARD will put you in possession of all the facts. Make up your mind now to get full information concerning this ideal "Featherweight Secretary." Send a postcard (or call) asking for Booklet No. 190.

An enquiry costs you nothing but remember it may save you many pounds

THE BLICK TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd. 9 & 10, Cheapside - London, E.C.

30 Years' Reputation —3 Years' Guarantee

GRAMOPHONES, 34/6, motors, 12/-; accessories. Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbuil, 139, Old Street, London.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS Sets by easy payments. Perfect reception. "Listen in" while paying. Free List.—Townshends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

WIRELESS RECEIVING SETS and Headphones supplied. Easy payments, from 1/- weekly. Every customer satisfied. Guaranteed 4000 ohms Headphones 11/9, post free.—The Wireless Distributing Co., Ltd., Walmar House, Regent Street, W.1.

TOILET.

NAIL-BITING CURED AT LAST! — No medicine, no gloves, no recipe. Full "Filtex" treatment 2/9, post free (plain cover).—"Filtex" Mfg. Co., 61b, Tollington Pk., London, N.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/3 for generous supply or 2½d. stamps for Free Pamphlet. —Ridgard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES. — How unfailing discovery.—"Yroc" may do-root positively cures eczema, sores, piles, all eruptions, scalds and cuts, WITHOUT SCAR. 1/3, p.f.—Yroc, 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." parties free. 3/- bottle all Boots' Branches, or 3/6 from "PARKER'S REMEDY," 16, James St., Liverpool.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (17630), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Eruptions, Psoriasis, Eczema, Sores. "PURALETS" always succeed. Trial free.—Percival Productions Ltd., 169, St. Albans.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Exeter Road, London, S.W.2.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—To prove we can PERMANENTLY CURE you even if Doctors, Specialists and all other methods have completely failed, we will send our NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL FREE OF ANY CHARGE . . . will be no question, quibble or argument if you do not wish to keep it. Instant relief guaranteed, failure impossible, operation unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. A SURE CURE. Call, write or 'phone for Booklet "B." Sworn Testimonials and copies of Press Opinions from Leading Medical Journals.—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St. Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; for over 3 disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 48 pills 9d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free. — HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

A REMEDY FOR STOUTNESS.—You can remove superfluous fat harmlessly by taking Marienbad Anti-Obesity Tablets (P.J.F. 10798). You'll get slimmer every day. Get a box from Gordons, Chemists, 471, Union Street, Aberdeen. In plain wrapper, 2/6, post free.

PSORIASIS permanently cured. Three-fold treatment devised by Dr. Horn attacks disease in every way.—Write, enclosing stamp, Dept. J., The Laboratories, 169, Wimborne Rd., Bournemouth.

BLUSHING, Nervousness.—Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

ALL run-down and nervous conditions give place at once to abounding vitality, keen appetite and thorough enjoyment of life and work. Send for wonderful free book.—Radium Diet Co., 140, Hammersmith Road, London, W.6.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES.—"Yroc" is new and different. The worst cases of eczema, psoriasis, pimples, boils, piles, sores, yield speedily to this wonderful remedy. Send at once 1/3, p.f.—"Yroc," 334b, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

BOILS and Pimples, etc., can only be positively cured by purifying the blood and cleansing the system with C.C.C. Compound. Absolutely safe, sure, painless. Never failed. Hundreds of cures. 1/3, p.f.—C.C. Co., 143, Walmersley Old Road, Bury, Lanes.

"EXHILA" PLEASANT COMPOUND tones the liver and makes you joyful. Sample, 3d. stamps.—Wood, 76, George Street, Croydon.

EYESIGHT TESTING.

OUR PRECIOUS EYESIGHT.—If failing, consult the Eye Expert; Mr. Lawrence, F.S.M.C., D.O.A., F.I.O., 38, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Charges most reasonable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 3d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

BREW your own Beer or Stout by sending 1/6 for Pure Malt and Hops to brew 25 gallons, or 3/6 (2 pkts.), 5 gallons.—YARDE & CO., J.B. Dept., Northampton.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend, make and take them. Sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 91, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

RUG MAKING!—Send 6d. for coloured charts and simple directions for 3 beautiful rugs. Wools from 1/6 lb. Samples free.—Stoddart, Dept. J.B., Empire Works, Halifax.

GOOD LUCK

FOLLOWS JU-JU. THE NIGERIAN MASCOT

Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Armed with the Ju-Ju's Mysterious powers of attracting good fortune, everything you touch will turn out well. Read what some of thousands of lucky ones write—

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"It changed my luck straight away."
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Never mind what empire you are; wear a Ju-Ju and confound them with the amazing way you will prosper and profit in every field. Attract Ju-Ju and bid farewell to ill-luck.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
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Some people say born lucky others wear a Ju-Ju Mascot.

JU-JU SOCIETY,
5, Imperial Bldgs., Wargate-st., Stevenage-on-Tyne

Money refunded if not approved.

Enter now for the Aladdin Competition

. . . The early entrants stand the best chance, so drop us a postcard without delay for full particulars. The competition is a simple and interesting one and it is open to all purchasers of Aladdin Incandescent Paraffin Lamps.

£500
IN PRIZES
The First Prize is £100, the Second £50, and the Third £25, while in addition there are 5 Prizes of £5 each, and 250 Prizes of £1 each.

THE Aladdin Lamp will flood your room with beautiful 80 c.p. soft incandescent light at a cost of less than ½d. an hour.

It lights as easily as a candle, and burns a mixture of 94 per cent. air and 6 per cent. common paraffin. . . . It is absolutely trouble-free, and gives light without noise, smoke, or smell. It is the safest lamp in the world and simply cannot explode—there is no danger under any circumstances with an Aladdin.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

You simply ask us to send you an Aladdin Lamp (Model 1,000). Only when you have kept this and thoroughly tested it for ten days need you decide. Write to-day and accept this generous offer.

We are Exhibiting at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Feb. 20th to March 22nd. Stand No. 96.

Aladdin

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INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMPS.

SPECIAL £100 COMPETITION for Aladdin users.

If you already have an Aladdin Lamp you can compete for this special competition. Write for details to-day.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territory and samples.

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A marvellous book of knowledge. Latest—and largest—achievement in abridged dictionary making. The

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(c) **Dictionary of Classical, Mythological and Biblical Expressions**—Embracing characters of Greek, Roman, and other classic literature and Bible and Christian names, with *their meanings*.

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The Practical Standard defines the very newest words and phrases. It brings you the newest meanings of old terms. It gives down-to-the-minute information on all the changes taking place in our language, and the definitions are more clear, more comprehensive, and more modern than in any similar work. All definitions are given in concise but comprehensive language. The type is large and clear. And the book is sure to give lasting satisfaction in the schoolroom, the home, or the office.

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THEY'RE *made specially to prevent sore throats*—that's what started me smoking them, but I've completely surrendered to the charms of the Pure, Unadulterated Tobacco, the Pure Rice Paper, and the Cork Tip, which keeps the end dry and ensures a cool, smooth smoke. It's the only non-irritant cigarette on the market.

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/-

Vol. XXXV. No. 916.
Week ending Saturday,
Feb. 16, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9856.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

A Sure Bet.

Many bets are being made on the length of life of the new Ministry. We are sure of this—that whatever Party forces an election except on vital grounds will meet the fate at the polls it thoroughly deserves.

All to the Good.

One result of a minority Government will be that much of the power that was taken away from Parliament during the war will be restored to it. Legislation will be the considered verdict of the House, not the arbitrary edicts of an aloof Cabinet.

Creating Difficulties.

The Premier is already embarrassed by the indiscreet way some of his under-secretaries have constituted themselves his mouthpiece. They have yet to learn that the responsibilities of office necessitate forgetting their former role of political agitator.

The Malcontents.

A "ginger group" has been formed inside the Labour ranks to keep the Cabinet up to the mark. The truth is that the idea of the Party controlling the Cabinet has been killed, and this is the next attempt to force the pace.

Five Millions More!

In 1913, the Navy Estimates were £48,000,000. To-day the German fleet is non-existent and our Estimates are £58,000,000. Mr. Snowden might demand a cut of £10,000,000 without being considered unduly revolutionary.

Room for Economy.

A word to Mr. Stephen Walsh. In 1913, the Army Estimates were £28,000,000. To-day, they total £52,000,000—and we won the war. We need not point the moral for him.

Hangers-on.

If the Government is wise it will put an end to the bluffing of Whitehall officialdom on the question of economy. There are too many officials, and there are too many swollen salaries. Economy first—and then schemes of social reform.

Smoothing the Path.

The decision of the King to waive strict Court uniform emphasises again the democratic wisdom of the Throne. Small wonder that Communism finds Britain sterile soil!

Starting the Engine.

With the recognition of Russia an unpleasant chapter of muddled obstinacy has been closed. It is the first practical step towards solving the unemployment problem that has been taken.

Simplicity Wins.

The frank letters exchanged between the Premier and M. Poincaré gives hope of a more reasonable atmosphere being created. The scrapping of the tortuous methods of the old diplomacy has borne speedy fruit.

Restoring the Entente.

The plain fact of the matter is that we now have at the Foreign Office a man who has a policy and who believes in it. France has been quick to recognise that sincerity has replaced academics and artificialities.

The Last Act.

The Reparations farce draws to a close. Mr. McKenna's committee cannot trace the amount of German capital abroad. The next step will be the common-sense question of what Germany *can* pay. That fixed, we can get ahead.

Following Our Lead.

We have steadily protested against the folly of the Ruhr invasion. When the president of Lloyds Bank describes it as "a great illusion," we fancy even hide-bound politicians will begin to think.

Signposts.

Lord Balfour hails the stabilisation of Austria as a triumph that could not have been achieved except through the medium of the League of Nations. He is right, and the League could do as much for Germany if it would.

A Pioneer.

The death of ex-President Wilson marks the passing of a man of wide vision and unbounded ideals. The day will come when the world will hail him as one who laid the foundations of peace and national amity.

It Isn't all American.

Just when the motor trade was beginning to make headway the price of petrol is rushed up without the slightest justification. It is a nice illustration of the utter disregard shown by some of our industrial magnates for their country's need.

A Powerful Weapon.

The Government, by virtue of its holding in Anglo-Persian oil, is one of the world's petrol magnates. What is it going to do about it?

Stop the Squeeze.

We press this question because petrol prices directly affect the cost of living. There is plenty of British petrol. There is no reason why that should be raised to Trust prices.

Help and Self-help.

Mr. Noel Buxton has lost no time in tackling the vexed problem of agriculture. His proposals are both sound and practical. All they need to ensure success is the whole-hearted co-operation of the farmer.

Towards a Solution.

The announcement that both employers and operatives have promised to prepare a scheme for house building is an important step forward. It indicates the substitution of co-operation for mutual antagonism.

Appalling.

How desperate the position has grown may be seen from the fact that, apart from the ever-increasing shortage of houses, there are at least a million unfit for human habitation. Small wonder we rejoice at any real attempt to mend matters.

The Spirit of Sympathy.

The new Minister of Pensions, in laying down that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the claimant, has done much to remove the odium attached to his Department. Time, indeed, that a more human attitude was adopted.

Work—Not Doles.

The National Confederation of Employers want amalgamation of the dole with other State services. Why bother about such a temporary makeshift? Let us have a national effort to make the dole unnecessary.

Loading the Dice.

The promise of support to the dockers by the N.U.R. savours suspiciously of prejudging a case that is still on trial. Such action is not likely to give the nation confidence in the administrative ability of the men's leaders.

Profiteers at Work.

Parliament must turn its immediate attention to food trusts and speculators. Ramps and "corners" are the order of the day. We demand an end to this soulless plundering of the people.

Ramp upon Ramp.

Sugar has risen in price again—without any satisfactory explanation being forthcoming. We confidently expect the new Parliament to devise ways of putting an end to this shameless fleecing of the consumer.

Bleeding the Nation.

The price of bread is rising again, and all round the cost of living begins to soar. The great London stores have not increased their prices. The millers' ring is responsible, and legislative action against Trusts is the remedy.

Meat up Again.

Smithfield buyers think there should be an investigation into the methods employed by the meat deliverers. They suspect a "ring." "Suspect" is good! But we heartily agree with the Smithfield buyers.

Autocratic Politics.

The *Morning Post* admits that "a great majority of the citizens in this country" are in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. In the same breath it says the time is not ripe. Evidently the will of the majority goes for nothing in its eyes.

Locking the Stable Door.

Now the damage is done there is to be an enquiry into the cattle plague. We trust that out of it will come preventive measures that will in future save both the cattle and the nation's purse.

On the Brink.

Lord Reading considers the present year will be the test of constitutionalism in India. We have uttered repeated warnings against an ostrich-like attitude. The release of Gandhi shows that at last someone is alive to the situation.

The Policeman's Lot.

We are in thorough agreement with the decision to make no cuts in policeman's pay. For the finest force in the world £3 10s. a week is not—to say the least—extravagant.

The Wrong Way.

The silly muddle of London's drinking hours remains. The mushroom growth of undesirable night-clubs should be sufficient answer to those who believe that faddist restrictions can ever abolish undesirable indulgence

The Starving Pioneer.

Graham Buckley, who started a company and popularised the telephone in Britain, was a financier and pioneer. He has died in a workhouse after weeks of starvation. Most of his money went in helping friends, but there was no great rush to aid the old man when he lay in Poverty Bay. It's the way of the world!

A Wife's Torture.

For eight long years the suffering wife of Albert Walkden lay on a bed at their home in Parker Street, Rishton, paralysed and unable to do a thing for herself. And her bed was one over-run with vermin. Walkden at the inquest tried to throw the blame for this upon his wife. "Absolutely horrible," said the coroner. And he was right.

Blinded at Ten.

Our sympathy goes out to Walter Gee, a ten-year-old Nottingham boy who has been blinded in one eye by a stone thrown by John Thorpe, eleven. The elder boy flung the stone after the two had been fighting. It ought to be a lesson for him for the rest of his life. A collection was made in court for Gee who will now have to go through life with one eye.

Natural.

"Death from natural causes" was the finding of the Lambeth coroner in the case of Mrs. Emma Owen, the wife of an out-of-work blacksmith's mate, who died from syncope due to slow starvation to which she subjected herself in order that her little ones should not feel the pinch. What is "natural" may be a matter of opinion, but we are sure it is not natural that such tragedies should be possible in a civilised country.

"This Happy Breed of Men."

Although totally blind and handless, Allan Nichols, an ex-sergeant-major of the Durham Light Infantry is a walking wonder. In spite of these terrible disabilities, he can play cards, drive a car, ride a cycle, play the piano, use a typewriter and do almost everything that a normal person can do. "Ever since St. Dunstan's took me," he says, "I have earned my own living, and I shall always do so." War cannot crush such a spirit as this.

Pity the Poor Blind.

Capt. E. B. B. Towse, V.C., the Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, London, W., has taken up the case of Mr. J. Pincock, the sightless ex-soldier of St. Helens, to which we recently drew attention. He informs us that there are already approximately fifty ex-Service men in the same pathetic plight receiving assistance from the Institute, and he is issuing an appeal for funds to enable the work to be extended. It is a labour of love and sympathy which we heartily commend to our readers.

Home, Sweet Home!

That peace has its profiteers as well as war, and that all our recent housing legislation still affords loopholes for exploitation of the needy, was made evident at Sutton when disclosures showed that a poor man pays 14s. per week for the shelter of one room for himself, his wife and three children, the whole furniture of which is an old bed tied up with string. The landlady had given him notice to leave so that she could let it to a 'busman at a longer price. Luckily, the bench refused Madame Shylock her pound of flesh and the tenant is to remain in his castle.

Alexander's Rag Time.

Some men who marry have warped ideas of family responsibilities, and it is clear that Alexander Allan, a young miner of 111, High Street, Cowdenbeath, is of this category. Towards his wife and two young children he behaves like a brute. Not only has he made the mother's life a tragedy since her marriage, but he has been fiend enough to dope with whisky his boy of three and to derive merriment from the little fellows inebriated antics. Alexander's notions of fatherly consideration have earned for him two months in jail, where we hope he will learn parental principles of a higher order than his present ones.

The Brixton Murder.

We have not yet heard the last of the Brixton murder case. Mason was reprieved by the Home Office, which has not given the reasons for its decision. But it has reasons, and our readers will not be surprised if a dramatic development takes place shortly. Somebody else may yet stand in the dock and Mason may be in the witness box. As we said at the time, the trial was most unsatisfactory.

The Pluck of Eight.

Only eight, Cyril Lamb, a Marylebone lad, went climbing on the cliffs near Bembridge, Isle of Wight, with Johnny Blythe. Blythe lost his foothold and fell, injuring himself. Instead of crying, Cyril, like the little man he is, descended the cliff-face, found out what had happened to Johnny, climbed the cliff, and fetched help from Culver Cliff wireless station. Cyril's pluck will take him along on the climb to success in life!

Boy Beggars.

Two Norwood boys faked up a subscription book and cadged money for a local troop of Boy Scouts. It was proved in court that they were not Scouts but artful youngsters. They were put on probation for two years and ordered to pay the 32s. 6d. to the troop whose name they had taken in vain. No boys should be permitted to make collections for charity or any purpose—it tempts them to become cadgers instead of workers.

Goldsmith a Gold-mine.

Film producers ought to sit up and take notice of the fact that one publishing firm has sold a million and a half copies of books of the calibre of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "A Tale of Two Cities." A healthy indication of the taste of the British public! When this fact sinks in we shall have fewer film sex dramas like "Her Shimmy of Shame," and more people will go to the pictures.

The Human Machine.

BE INTERESTED!

By E. R. Thompson, M.A.

THERE is a vast reservoir of energy locked up inside the human machine, waiting to be tapped by those who know how.

While Nature has given everyone an equipment of capacities, and possibilities for thought and action, these are as useless as a machine deprived of motive power unless they are nursed and provided with exercise.

What happens to a man is frequently of more importance than what is born in him.

Human tendencies are like tender plants. Starve them, and they will wither and die: feed them, and they will eventually grow into sturdy trees.

That is why everybody should have a hobby. A Golden Rule in life is "Be interested!"

No matter what it is, be interested in SOMETHING.

Many a man who feels his real ability ies in mechanical things, for instance, finds himself chained to an office desk.

If he has no outlet for this suppressed store of energy his work will be drudgery.

It will make him physically and mentally tired. He will be discontented and bitter.

If such a man has a hobby that will give his mechanical inclinations exercise and outlet, his daily work will cease to be a laborious task.

By unlocking one store of nervous energy he releases others. His mental outlook will be forward and optimistic, instead of pessimistic and backwards.

Hobbies may be more than pleasant recreations. They may be made the solid background of life.

Many great men were born—true: more were made: still more made themselves.

Have a hobby. Be interested. Give your latent powers a chance to develop.

Looking for Trouble.

While every day road-users are killed and maimed by cads on wheels, houses are ransacked and persons garrotted in broad daylight, part of the police are zealously looking at rear lights on motor-cars and summoning the owners if the lamps are not bright enough. Sir Arthur Spurgeon's advice in a case at Croydon that the police should stop wasting time is worth following!

Twenty Years After.

Some twenty years ago, Mr. Thomas Bottomley, a chemical manufacturer at Liversedge, went bankrupt, paying 3s. 8d. in the £. For twenty years he has stinted and saved, and is now able to pay the remaining 16s. 4d. plus 4 per cent. interest. His creditors are glad, but none is so glad as this honest man of business who has crowned his years of struggle with success.

The Butcher's Steel.

When a Buckinghamshire farmer takes his pigs to market he gets about 7d. a lb. for them, but when his wife goes into the butcher's for a piece of pork she pays from 1s. 4d. to 2s. a lb. What happens to send the price of the piggy up is a close secret between the butcher and his steel. Pigs, like over-insured people, are worth more dead than alive, thanks to the grab of the retailer.

Knuckle-rapping.

Forty-two persons have lost their homes in the village of Belton, eight cottages being destroyed by fire. When this broke out one of the residents cycled to Shepshed and reported it to the superintendent of the fire brigade but "Shepshed refused to respond to the call." And so the police had to phone to Loughborough, a distance of six miles. Somebody's knuckles require rapping.

Why Scots Leave Home.

If the wages paid to public servants north of the Tweed are on a level with those offered by the Town Council of Forres, Elginshire, we do not need to ask twice why Scots leave home. This careful corporation recently advertised for a burgh officer to take charge of the public buildings, collect petty customs, etc., and stated that the successful applicant would have to devote his whole time to the work. Wages, £2 a week! The successful applicant will certainly not have much opportunity for riotous living.

Tommy's Parcels.

From both the East and West Indies we are continually receiving complaints of the heavy sums which soldiers have to pay by way of Customs duties on parcels sent out to them from home by post. A Delhi reader in the Devon Regt. encloses a wrapper showing that 5s. 3d. was demanded on delivery, while in Jamaica the men of the Norfolk Regt. are suffering from a similar grievance. We do not think the Empire would be in danger of falling to pieces if Tommy's cigarettes and sweets were delivered duty free. What say the authorities?

A Rent Act Anomaly.

If a landlord living off the premises is collecting rents separately from two tenants living there, and one part becomes vacant there is no restriction on the rent which can be charged to a new tenant of that part. This anomaly in the Rent Act was discovered by a Hackney reader who applied for the tenancy of a part of a house at present rented at 12s. 9d., and was told by the landlord he could have it when it became vacant—at a rental of 25s.! In this manner there is an enormous amount of profiteering going on, but in the present state of the law the poor homeseeker is helpless.

A Preposterous Penalty.

We have no sympathy with road hogs, but, on the other hand, some magistrates appear to be afflicted with a sort of myopic motorphobia which leads them to inflict preposterous penalties for trifling offences. At Llanfyllin Petty Sessions, W. K. Conduct, a motor-lorry driver who had failed to notice a danger-signal on a country road, but slowed down as soon as a policeman called to him, was actually fined £10, the maximum penalty, for "failing to give warning of his approach." This is real squint-eyed justice.

Advertised Love.

Unscrupulous adventurers and white-slave traffickers are viewing with joy the increasing activity of journals which busy themselves in the joining of individuals in marriage, and it is time that legislation got a move on towards crushing these advertisements. Dire disaster and future unhappiness are inevitable features of introductions and unions emanating from such sources. Lasting love cannot be bought like advertised cheese.

Latest Night Club Tricks.

The police, after months of urging by this journal, have at last created a panic in the night clubs. They are certainly moving in the right direction now, and such a step is always better late than never. But they must not get too confident. The latest trick is that the real proprietors are engaging "dummies" to "take over" their clubs, so that they will not have convictions read against them in the event of a raid and prosecution.

Robert the Ripper.

When prurient pests like Robert O'Brien, a maniac of Glasgow, are on the prowl, mothers with growing daughters would do well to watch their brood, for this pervert finds unbounded pleasure in sidling up to members of the fair sex and slashing coats and skirts with a razor. Such indulgence has earned for him sixty days' hard, but what is to happen when he is again free? Sex fanatics of this type are a menace to our girlhood and ought to be kept under the strictest surveillance.

Poisoning the Young.

Of Louisa Elizabeth Davis, a Paragon Alley widow living in East London, it was alleged at Tower Bridge, that she had been under suspicion as a receiver and trainer of young thieves since 1916. Yet, although the magistrate said he had been told that six children she had corrupted had been before the children's court, all that happened to her was six months' imprisonment. If the police have been suspecting her all these years, it is about time they proved a case and shut this evil woman up for years.

Duper of Boys.

A particularly despicable trick is being played upon messenger boys by a woman well known to the police who ought to be in jail. She stops boys leaving big West End stores with parcels, and gets them to assist her across the road. Then she asks the boys to oblige her by getting some small purchase, and while they are away she decamps with the parcel which she is minding for them in their absence. She has recently made several hauls in this way, and many messenger boys have got black marks in consequence. Why is she at large?

A Winter Game.

It would be well if Mr. Frederick Winter, Game and Poultry Merchant, of 334, Goswell Road, London, E.C., did not hibernate so long and sent on the money which he owes to people who have sent him poultry from the country. Mr. William Bain, of Smerlie, Lybster, in far Caithness, sent him twenty pounds' worth of poultry before Christmas. He has not yet been paid. His last effort was a prepaid telegram in the middle of last month, to which Winter replied that he had been away and would see into the matter at once.

Glasgow's Devils.

There is an epidemic in Glasgow of desertion of respectable homes by girls in their teens, and the causes of this quitting of parental control are to be found in the abnormal activity of social parasites. The dance-halls are being visited regularly by smartly attired male fiends whose object it is to get impressionable young victims into such disgrace that they dare not return home, and the rest for them is easy. Quite a few arrests of these hounds and the devilish "motherly" females who aid them have been effected, but there is still much to be done in this line. Society must be cleared of such scum.

The Tangled Web.

From all parts of the country we are receiving letters thanking us for our exposure of the firm called Webb's Depositories at 478, High Road, Tottenham. We shall be quite satisfied if we have restricted this person's activities, but, unfortunately, the number of simple-minded people in this country is as the sands of the seashore.

Shut Up the Frauds.

So many rogues who have netted fortunes by fraud have been let off with light sentences in the second division that we note with satisfaction that three years' penal servitude is the lot of Edward Hugh Attwell who was brought up at the London Sessions. This rascal defrauded people out of £1,429, and was kicked out of the Army where he held a commission when he played his tricks before.

Oh, Suzanne.

The French authorities think it necessary to warn relatives of British soldiers who made the great sacrifice to be on their guard againt appeals for cash emanating from France on the strength of supposed friendship between the dead heroes and the living writer. An artist in this direction is Suzanne Millet, who writes from Courbevoie, and sometimes hints at failings on the part of the dead hero that burdened her with greater responsibilities than she can discharge.

Simple Faith and Coronets.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon is now issuing on a sheet of notepaper surmounted by a coronet, and addressed from Peel's Chambers, Fleet Street, London, E.C., an opportunity for investors to acquire an oil proposition in the world's greatest oilfield. He refrains from telling us where it is. But he adds that his proposition is endorsed by well-known bankers in Texas, U.S.A. Investors should leave to the bankers the prospect of making money held out by this touting peer.

Problems of Life.

TIES.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE are all conscious at times of being fettered by relationships and responsibilities that prevent our doing our utmost in life.

A young husband temporarily out of work, or in a poorly paid job, would strike out boldly in a new line, but dare not take risks involving those dependent upon him.

The proprietor of a small business has the offer of a better opening elsewhere. He would sell out and take it, but to do so would mean ruin for a number of people to whom he is pledged by long association; so he declines.

A young couple cannot marry because one or other has invalid parents to maintain; a girl gives up the occupation she loves because she is the only one left at home and someone must take charge there; a boy wants to enter upon a calling for which he has capacity, but cannot afford it as his wages are needed to help the family.

The handicap is not as great as appears in most cases. It matters less what you are making of life than what life is making of you; and it is certain that without ties we should not accomplish very much.

We do not usually find that the person who asserts his freedom to follow his own inclinations is to be admired or envied.

Kipling sings:

"Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone."

That is to say, we can go to the devil more speedily, or gain high success more surely and swiftly, by keeping ourselves free from personal attachments.

But there is nothing to be more dreaded in life than being alone, whether as waster or master.

To accept restrictions in a right spirit is to triumph over them.

Mark Time.

Some people make good bargains. We dealt recently with the firm of S. Marks & Company, Ltd., who belong to this set, the only disturbing part about them being that the bargains are too much in their favour. They deal with farm produce, but farmers do not get their money. The people running the company are behind the Manchester-Continental Trading Co., at Cromford Court, Manchester, which also deals in farm produce. *Verb. sap.!*

Not So Bountiful.

Bounty Bros., 14, St. Martin's Street, Chichester, are working the tea bonus business, and print on their handbills, "We guarantee to commence paying our Chichester and district customers in three months." This is not so bountiful as it looks, or as their canvassers try to make out. Several Sussex and Hampshire readers have taken their tea for three times three months, and not only can they not get any bonus, but they cannot even get a reply to complaints addressed to the firm.

Absent Treatment.

Richard Haynel, who resides at Ambleside, Ambrose Place, Worthing, describes himself as "Specialist, Balneo-Phys. Therapy, for Nasal and Chest Complaints," but what qualifications he has for treating these or any other ailments we do not know. He is certainly a voluminous letter writer, and follows up his first offer of a course of treatment for £5 5s., with suggestions that if that is too much he will take whatever you can pay. We have no faith in this form of absent treatment.

Eternal "Confidence."

Apparently there is no end to the "Confidence" trick. While on a visit to London Dahjet Forage, a Basra merchant, was the victim of tricksters who duped him of £385 and left him with 2s. A stranger who called himself Parker offered to show Forage the sights of London, and then a "Mr. Gavey" made their acquaintance by dropping a glove! The usual "confidences" followed, as a result of which the two scoundrels left with the money belonging to Forage and did not return. But surely by now no JOHN BULL reader would fall for this kind of thing!

If Next Winter Comes.

The beginning of winter is the time for planting bulbs, so last September a reader sent a guinea with an order to John Vendel, Ltd., Bulb Merchants, Hillegom, Holland, who had favoured him with an attractive catalogue. The order remained unacknowledged, but as the money had been sent by registered post it was easily ascertained that the Dutchmen had received the guinea all right. The bulbs have not yet arrived, however, and repeated attempts to obtain an explanation from John Vendel, Ltd., have failed.

Well Saved!

Here is a little quotation from a circular sent out by Charles H. Williams, 5, High Holborn, London, W.C. "Sportsmen, if your luck is out, if your bank has gone, here is your sure salvation. The price for my Winning Football Methods is £1, but I will send you a copy on receipt of 7s. 6d. only! and the remaining 12s. 6d. you pay only after you have won £5 by its aid. What can be fairer?" We might suggest that it would be fairer if he refunded the 7s. 6d. to anyone who failed to win by its aid, but a surer salvation lies in keeping your money in your pocket.

Mansions in the Sky.

The House and Apartment Agency run by J. Ashby Dennis and Herbert E. C. Lack, at 19, Craven Street, Charing Cross, and 32, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, is not one we would recommend to poor people. If you pay them £1 1s. in advance they will promise to try to find you unfurnished rooms, or for £3 3s. you may get to hear of a self-contained flat, though "a limited number of rooms and flats can be guaranteed at double the above charges." For houses or cottages their fee is 10s. 6d. plus £5 when suited. Heaven alone knows what they would demand for a mansion in Park Lane.

Houses Built of Gold

IF the present Government wish to succeed with their plans for providing houses for the people, we suggest that they should, as a first step, devise some means of protection against the disgraceful hocus pocus which we have brought to light in connection with several of the building undertakings sponsored by their predecessors.

Chief among the discreditable affairs which we have from time to time exposed, is the colossal scandal of the Garston Estate at Liverpool, particulars of which we first published nearly two years ago. The final report of the Inspector of Audits has only just been forthcoming.

The Ministry of Health towards the end of 1919, pressed the Liverpool Corporation to undertake the building of houses on an extensive scale. A deputation from Liverpool accordingly visited the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, where they appear to have been hospitably received by the directors of the Economic Building Corporation.

The deputation was so impressed by the directors that the Liverpool Corporation entered into a contract with this little-known concern for the erection of two thousand houses at a cost of nearly £2,000,000, and then discovered that the paid-up capital of the company was only £3,000, which was fully employed on other contracts!

Having no capital with which to carry out such a huge undertaking, the company were allowed to draw money against "interim certificates" as the work proceeded. The Economic Building Corporation, however, proved to be anything but economical in their methods, and, although money was freely advanced against these certificates, they were unable to continue the work, and the Liverpool Corporation had to enter into a fresh contract.

Then it was discovered that the Economic Building Corporation, for such work as they had done up to the end of 1921, had been overpaid to the extent of more than £350,000!

The Inspector's report says it is difficult to take the view that the heavy and continuous over-payments disclosed were the result of accident. He finds that the Liverpool Corporation, Director of Housing, Mr. F. E. G. Badger, was grossly negligent in his examination of the statements put forward as a basis for certification for payment.

And what action do the City Fathers of Liverpool propose to take against their grossly-negligent servant? They propose to deprive him of his title of "Director of Housing," and call him "Housing Officer," instead, and they recommend that his salary should be reduced from £1,500 to £1,200 a year!

The people of Liverpool have not yet heard the end of the matter. Unless the Ministry of Health take steps to prevent the recurrence of such scandals, we fear Government houses will be dear at any price.

Tragedy of the Pickled Herring

MONEY to burn! Money to burn! It's only taxpayers' money, so it doesn't matter how it's spent! And in Whitehall they are adepts at devising weird and wonderful ways of throwing money away. You doubt it? Listen!

THERE are a great many people out of work in this country drawing the dole. It is a fair presumption that most of them cannot afford to pay seventeen and sixpence for the Civil Service Appropriation Accounts just issued.

It is perhaps just as well. It is very disturbing to hungry people to read how the General Post Office, for example, lost on an average over a thousand pounds a week last year by default, accident and other similar misfortunes. The highly paid officials continue to draw their salary with resolution and equanimity.

But their record in successfully making disastrous losses is a mere bagatelle compared to the triumphant achievements in this respect of the War Office, which succeeded in losing nearly three thousand typewriters. We are told that the majority of these machines were lost during the war, one of those easy explanations which have got to be accepted whether one likes it or not. In any case there are a couple of thousand of them which were not lost in the war, and which have not been found.

Perhaps some of the missing typewriters got lost in the Baltic, and possibly they are now ticking away merrily Communistic messages for some revolutionary *commissar* in some provincial Soviet. In any case, the Mission to the Baltic Provinces was a disastrous illustration of how things ought not to be done.

This Mission incurred losses of nearly eight thousand pounds on canteen stores supplied for its use. The outlay on stores was over thirteen thousand pounds, including five thousand pounds for wines and spirits—a good deal of sack, as Falstaff would have said, to a moderate quantity of bread.

That was the only sack in the matter. The members of the Mission were not dismissed: they were ordered to pay five hundred pounds back to the Treasury, and seven thousand two hundred and sixteen pounds was written off as "loss"—cheery reading indeed for the unemployed drawing the dole.

If you are a Member of a Mission, or more particularly if you are High Commissioner, the Government spends money like water in order that you shall be surrounded by appropriate dignity and comfort. Nearly thirteen thousand pounds was spent last year on completing a house for the High Commissioner of Iraq. This brings the total cost of that building to over one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. No doubt the simple-minded natives of Iraq look respectfully at this palatial establishment. Fortunately they cannot see our natives standing in a queue outside our Labour Exchanges, waiting to draw the starvation dole.

When a man applies for the dole his claim is very carefully scrutinised and the amount very carefully paid out to him. That is all very well, say in Camberwell or Poplar, but things are not so carefully done in Murmansk. The British Consul there telegraphed a payment in roubles, equivalent then to ten thousand pounds, to London, where it was paid to the person demanding it. Subsequently it appeared that, owing to a corruption in the message, the amount of money had been multiplied by a hundred.

The error cost six thousand pounds, though nobody suspected it at the time because it was thought that the amount was required for naval or military purposes. And when legal proceedings were taken the debtor went bankrupt.

Then there was the distressing tragedy of the pickled herrings for Rumania. The Government advanced nearly eight thousand pounds so that Rumania might have its pickled herrings. But it was unaware that the importer had pledged the herrings to his bank. When he could not pay, the British Government and the Rumanian bank took the drastic step of selling the goods locally, in view of their perishable nature.

They got back twelve hundred pounds out of their seven thousand odd pounds, but, "pending a final settlement with the bank, the loss cannot be definitely ascertained."

There are other forms of expenditure which cannot be regarded as losses. Under the title of "Urgent Unforeseen Works" the Treasury sanctioned an expenditure of over eleven hundred pounds for the adaptation and preparation of apartments in Kensington Palace for occupation by the Marchioness of Milford Haven. Another item cost just over a thousand pounds. It was an improved lavatory and cloak-room accommodation for lady visitors to the House of Commons.

It must not be thought, however, that there is not a fierce spirit of rigid economy in our public services. While losses running into many hundreds of thousands of pounds are referred to in the vague category of "not definitively ascertained," there is one triumphant record.

It is proudly set forth that the sum of *nine shillings and a penny* was recovered from a charwoman for unemployment insurance. We can set that against the pickled herrings for Rumania and the lost roubles from Murmansk.

High Jinks on a Farm

IN view of a recent conviction, it is not surprising that people are beginning to ask why it is that when a Local Authority starts to develop a sewage farm it so often happens that the most the public get out of it is an abominable stink.

The Leicester Corporation Sewage Farm scandal, which has lately created a very offensive odour in the district, may be taken as typical of what is happening in many other parts of the country, and it points to the fact that municipal life in some of our large cities is badly in need of purifying.

In this particular case Thomas Francis, described on the calendar as a farm bailiff, was charged on ten counts, which included cattle-stealing, falsification of books, and embezzlement of money, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division, a sentence which, in the light of all the circumstances disclosed at his trial, we cannot consider to be anything but extremely lenient.

The most astounding features of the case were the remarkable lack of proper supervision by responsible officials, which was commented upon by the jury and led them to recommend the prisoner to mercy, and the serious allegations made by the accused man against the officials under whom he had worked.

Francis was appointed farm bailiff in 1919, and at the time of his dismissal was drawing a salary of £447 10s. with certain emoluments. No inventory of the farm stock appears to have been made when he took it over, and although the authority for payment of purchases was nominally his own signature with that of the Chairman of the Sewage Works and Farms Committee, he was apparently left to his own devices regarding the purchase and disposal of stock, with the result that in 1922 he was enabled to purchase a farm in Suffolk for himself, and contrived to pay for it by robbing the Corporation.

"I have been an honest servant to my Chairman!" he declared in the witness box, and when asked whether he suggested that his Chairman had ever told him to do a dishonest thing, answered "I don't suggest it; I am sure of it!"

In further evidence he declared that the Chairman had instructed him to manipulate the books, and stated that the Chairman and other members of the Committee had received poultry and other produce from the farm for which they had not paid. There was a shortage of 43,000 eggs at the time of his dismissal, and he asserted that the Chairman had had two or three dozen every week.

Such allegations cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Leicester is seething with this sewage farm scandal, and the sooner the whole matter is thoroughly investigated the better.

The suspicion aroused that the bailiff has been made the scapegoat for the sins of the Committee must either be substantiated or proved to be unfounded.

Amazing "Hush" Methods

WHY does the Official Receiver draw the veil of secrecy over the tricks of the financial concerns which plunder the public? Publicity would sometimes save investors their money. The Receiver prefers to hide his good work. Again—Why?

IT is traditionally a mark of virtue to do good by stealth, but it is not always the best way to do business.

Why, for example, should the head of the Government department that investigates the way that people lose their money in Company enterprises think it necessary to conduct his business, not as though it were a safeguard for the public, but as though it were a secret society.

The other day a concern called the International Exchange and Banking Corporation of Victoria Street, S.W., was reported upon by the Official Receiver. In the public interest we wrote to the Official Receiver in Companies Liquidation asking for a copy of his "observations."

We did not get it. We got a letter from Mr. Barwick Thompson, the Assistant Official Receiver, explaining, with the sedative formula, that this could only be issued to creditors and shareholders. There you have the correct official attitude, to which we should apply a quite different formula. We will call it the "Hush, Hush" method.

Of course, the public ought to be told how the professional Company mongers play ducks and drakes with the money entrusted to them by trustful and unsuspecting shareholders.

In the case of the International Exchange and Banking Corporation, we find without the assistance of the Official Receiver that the concern showed liabilities of nearly five thousand pounds, and assets of less than five hundred pounds, and a deficiency with regard to contributories of nearly eighty thousand pounds.

We see no reason why this should be withheld from the public, particularly as the gentleman who ran the concern on the rocks deserves all the light that can be thrown upon his methods and records.

His name is Dmitri Tchernine, a gentleman from Russia, who did us the honour to descend upon this country some years ago, an honour for which the investing public has paid through the nose.

Before he had the inspiration of establishing the International Exchange and Banking Corporation, he founded the Anglo-Russian Exchange Company, whose calamitous story we told in these columns some time ago.

It is sufficient here to say that it showed a total deficiency of nearly sixty thousand pounds, and no assets at all. Mr. Tchernine's restaurant bills, while he was running this concern on to the rocks, came to over thirteen hundred pounds! They were paid for by the shareholders and the creditors.

Undeterred by this disaster, which cost sixty thousand pounds of other people's money, he established the Company now on the rocks with the loss of nearly eighty thousand pounds of money that was not his. We are certainly not using the language of exaggeration when we say that this genial visitor from Russia has cost this country a great deal more than he is worth.

There are hundreds of similar cases coming before the Bankruptcy officials every year in which the amounts and methods may vary, but the burden is always the same, thousands of duped and suffering creditors and shareholders in the background.

In the domes of silence where the Official Receiver utters his "hush, hush" warnings, they constantly take the form of the comment that many of the companies that come before him appear to exist primarily for the benefit of their promoters.

We do not know, in the muffled gloom of his sphere of operations, how many cases he refers to the Public Prosecutor. He certainly occasionally gently murmurs something that may be taken to be expressive of his obscure and whispered hope that something more may be done by somebody, somewhere else, that will lead to further proceedings. There the matter appears to end, and decorous silence reigns once more in the land of "Hush, Hush," the Never Never Land of Expectant Shareholders.

There are many people who go to the Bankruptcy Court who would never be brought there if more light were thrown on the methods of swindling promoters and other company sharks. Quite a batch of these people are at present in their difficulties owing to a colossal swindle organised by a man for whom something like twenty warrants are being sought.

This rascal was a Napoleon of the long-firm swindling industry, with bogus establishments all over the country. He and his associates have succeeded in buying goods to the extent of nearly three hundred thousand pounds, and the victims of his rascality number something like five thousand people.

Scotland Yard, and the police all over the country, have been inundated with complaints, and one of the "Big Four" has taken this matter in hand.

But this is the old manœuvre of locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen. The real way to frustrate the game of the professional shark is to show the public how easy it is for him to pursue a career of robbery under the law.

Bright Eyes and Silk Bows

IF any of our readers should happen to know the whereabouts of a rascal named Henry Stephen Camp, or, as he is more widely and unfavourably known, N. F. Kemp, the postcard brigand, we should be glad to hear from them.

This man is one of the most impudent and brazen impostors that it has been our misfortune to come across. Our records contain many instances of his trickery, for which somebody else always suffers.

A typical case is that of an ex-officer named Willmer, of Mablethorpe, Suffolk. This gentleman advertised for a position through the *Daily Express*, and amongst the replies was one from the S.P.Q.R. Publishers, of 2, Arthur Road, Holloway, which is the name under which Kemp trades.

After some correspondence, the ex-officer was foolish enough to deposit ten pounds with Kemp, as security for stock, and he was appointed a traveller to sell postcards and things of that kind in the county of Suffolk.

He set vigorously to work and got a number of orders, which he sent on to headquarters, feeling very gratified that he had at last found a sphere of activity, and that he was earning a salary and commission which, though moderate, might be expected to improve.

Unfortunately the salary did not come along, and the orders that he sent on were returned to the customers with that dismal legend written across the envelope—"Gone Away." Mr. Kemp had vanished, and the ten pounds paid as a deposit has gone with him.

If this had been only one isolated case it would have been bad enough, for there is nothing more despicable than swindling the ex-officer or the ex-soldier. But it is not an isolated case. We find that for years this fellow Kemp has been running a dud business and imposing upon people who seek employment with him. The last address we traced him to was 397, St. John Street, City Road, London, E.C.

He issues elaborate circulars, one of them called "Bright Eyes and Silk Bows," which apparently refers to photographs of kittens and dogs with glass eyes and real ribbons. Another speciality is birthday greeting cards with flowers of forget-me-nots.

"You cannot beat this line," says Mr. Kemp. That is quite true, and the forgot-me-not has a special significance for his dupes. They include, apparently, his own wife, whom he deserted some time ago, with her two young children, and who has now joined the queue of people who are seeking for his address.

It is perfectly absurd that the law cannot protect ex-officers and people like that from scoundrels who impose upon them with the persistent insolence of this rascal Kemp, who goes on cheerfully victimising people all over the country.

Where the police have failed, perhaps a little publicity will do good. That is why we have turned the limelight on Mr. Kemp and his highly coloured postcard scheme.

Parasites who Prey

IF the Home Secretary wants to render signal service to the working-classes by protecting them against parasites who prey on them in the guise of "Collecting" Societies, he should read the report of Mr. John Fox, the Inspector deputed by the Ministry of Health to conduct an inquiry into the Legal Co-operative Collecting Society.

Mr. Fox found that the officers of the Society had failed to comply with the law which, in the interests of members, requires regular valuation of assets and liabilities and presentation of a report to the Registrar.

He found also that in the five years under review large sums had been wrongly applied to the management expenses of the Society, the total amount thus misapplied being £3,515 17s. 6d. in excess of what the rules allowed for management expenses, and, in fact, *out of every shilling collected from members*, 10½d. *was spent in administrative charges.*

The evidence and the admission of the officers "proved that the officers were content to carry on the Society from day to day to deriving what they could from it in salaries and commission, without any considered scheme for dealing with the hopeless situation which must inevitably arise."

There could be no more sweeping condemnation of the persons responsible for this concern. How far the members are to suffer from this bungling incompetence remains to be seen, for the concern has been taken over by the Bristol, West of England and South Wales Friendly Collecting Society, subject to approval by the Registrar.

There was quite a family flavour about this sadly mismanaged Society, for the general manager was one Felton Hunt, while Mrs. Annie Hunt and Felton Hunt, Jun., were members of the committee. There were no fewer than four solicitors serving in various capacities among the officers, one parson and a doctor—a fact that makes the illegality practised by this ironically named "Legal" Collecting Society all the more amazing.

What we want to know is: Have the public no redress against bungling of this kind? Is there no law to which the offenders can be made amenable? Is it open to any group of men to start so-called insurance societies and continue to draw salaries and commissions in excess of what the law allows, regardless of the ability of the society to meet its obligations to members?

If there is no law to reach such offenders, we can only say it is high time such a law was made, for this is a direction in which the public are being victimised extensively.

This Legal Collecting Society is far from being the only one of the kind in existence, and the sooner the law is strengthened to deal with such abuses the sooner will the public be rid of these salary-seeking plunderers of the poor and the ignorant.

A Court Cameo.

Years the Locust Ate

"HE'S lethargic and dispirited," explained the police court official, "and the missionary says he's a failure." Gerald Salter, the subject of these remarks, stood in the dock bearing the indelible hall-marks of sacrifice.

Soon after the death of one of his parents he was sent to be educated at St. Anthony's College, on the South Coast, his remaining parent being in America. A sound education resulted. And in those days of youthful optimism the world seemed a place fit for Gerald to live in.

His bent was the law, his ambition to be a solicitor, his secret hope to become a barrister. And with this end in view he studied assiduously the musty, dusty tomes of legal procedure.

Then August the Fourth dawned. And the clarion call to service rang out. Gerald was not old enough to go out into the world to earn his own living; he decided, however, that he was old enough to go out in the crusade for liberty.

But enlistment did not come easy. He saw that the parade ground was no short cut to the solicitor's table. To fight with his rifle meant a postponement of fighting with forensic weapons. But there was the call—and "where duty calls—or danger—be never wanting there."

Followed years of blood and mud. To the finely adjusted emotional system of Gerald Salter those years seemed a hell-black eternity.

Reward came: he was gazetted to a commission in the Royal Bucks. Then followed more fighting; more responsibility. And all the while the weeks rolling into months and the months into years were robbing him of his youth and his alertness. . . .

With Armistice came disillusionment. The "years that the locust had eaten" crippled him physically and otherwise. Left with neurasthenia, he made the dread discovery that the iron hand of Mars had shaken Time's sand-glass and upset all his calculations.

There seemed no hope of realising his fond ambition. The war had thrown him out of his stride and it was now too late to try to regain his position. And he was too half-baked to hope for a job. He sat for his exam.; but the four years "out there" ensured his failure.

Moneyless, friendless, prospectless, he made one bold bid. With his worldly belongings in a suit-case, he stayed at an hotel while he tried the offices of the solicitors in Chancery Lane. No result.

Then, his stock of money gone, in pitiful desperation he tried to leave the hotel without paying his bill. For this transgression of the law he faced Mr. Cecil Chapman at the Westminster Police Court. That learned gentleman with the heart of gold recognised the tragic note in the story—"You will be bound over."

Against the victory of war have to be set the thousands of failures.

Murderers at Large

THE list of murders in which the culprits have been allowed to go free is an appalling one. Official figures show that 179 murders were committed in one year, and in only half these cases was anyone put on trial.

ONE of the greatest scandals to-day is the amazing failure of the authorities to bring to book a gang of dangerous criminals who have committed murder and escaped the consequences of their crime.

We could fill a column with a list of unsolved murder mysteries which have puzzled the country within quite a recent period. Many of them have attracted very little public attention. Some of them have been the medium of a newspaper hue and cry.

We say that it ought to be possible to find Major Bailey, who is wanted for the murder of his wife at Hove in December last. A man cannot live without money. He must either draw it from an accumulated reserve, which the police ought to be able to trace, or he must earn it in employment. It is not an easy thing to get work without references, and when your photographs are scattered all over the land as a wanted murderer.

We are told that Major Bailey is probably dead. This is a comforting theory for the police. Are the other hundreds of undetected murderers also all dead? We decline to believe it. We think that the explanation of the immunity of the murderers is to be found in a serious deficiency in our police system.

Take the case of Nellie Rault, the young woman who was stabbed to death in a wood outside Haynes Park, near Bedford. She was murdered early in May. But Scotland Yard officers were not brought on to the scene until June. Two months later it was announced that their inquiries were fruitless.

Cases like this are forgotten. But the public, perturbed by the immunity of Major Bailey, naturally calls to mind some of the notable cases of recent years. Has Scotland Yard, for example, ever found out who murdered the wife of General Luard at Sevenoaks, or Emily Dimmock at Camden Town, or Esther Praeger at Bloomsbury, or Lily Templeton at Brixton?

But if the crime statistics are carefully kept at police headquarters, even more startling mysteries than these clamour for an explanation. At one time, not so long ago, there were no fewer than seven murders under investigation within so short a period as a month. The most notable of them was the case of Nurse Shore, murdered in a Brighton railway train. In this case Scotland Yard was brought in at once, but with no tangible result.

What of the recent unsolved murder of Mrs. Ridgley, found dead and badly disfigured at Hitchin; of Reuben Mort, who was murdered at Bolton; of Frances Buxton, killed in a cellar at Chelsea; of Mary Drury, a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, done to death on a Liverpool allotment? Where is the murderer of Bella Wright, found shot in a lonely country road outside Leicester?

Let us look into the case of little Violet Mansfield, who was outraged and murdered in a shrubbery at Farnham. Here is another example where Scotland Yard was not called in, and the task of looking for the murderer was left to the local police in the intervals of prosecuting people for dog licences and petty offences of that kind.

What happens in these circumstances is that the local police believe that luck will play into their hands and find the murderer for them. In that case the credit would be theirs.

Scotland Yard is not brought in while the clues are fresh. There is another difficulty—that if Scotland Yard fails, its expenses must be paid by the County Police, and these expenses are generally very heavy.

The public cannot blame Scotland Yard for the majority of unsolved murder mysteries now on its books. But it can, and does, blame the system which permits the provincial police to mess and muddle about with difficult murder mysteries which can, and should, be handled by the best and most skilled police investigators.

Obviously, if the security of the public is to be the first consideration, as it must, this whole system has got to be altered. All murder cases should be placed immediately in the control of Scotland Yard, which, even at present, has greater facilities than ever the local police can possibly have.

But if Scotland Yard is, as it should be, given full charge of all murder cases, it must do better than it has done in the Bailey case.

It must employ special investigators specially trained, not in ordinary police routine duties, but in the scientific investigation of capital crime.

What does the Home Secretary say?

The public will not rest content knowing that every day that it goes about its tasks it may be rubbing shoulders, in the street, in the shop, or in the train, with one or another of the hundreds of undetected murderers who are still at large.

The Man with the "Samples"

POLICE of five European countries are now searching for a German chemist called "Oscar Steinhouse" though that is not necessarily his real name. Recently Oscar arrived in this country and made his way to Manchester, well provided with letters of introduction and other aids to establishing his role as an innocent commercial traveller interested in cotton.

To keep up the pretence he made a number of calls on business people, but the matters discussed were purely tentative in character. His main purpose was to unload the many "samples" he had brought with him on the secret pedlars of "dope," of whose identity he appeared to know more than the police themselves.

Eventually they became suspicious of the number of persons "interested in cotton" who came to Manchester's chief hotel to see Herr Steinhouse, who, by the way, could speak only a few words of English and was far from word perfect in his use of that limited vocabulary.

The hotel was visited by detectives, but Oscar had vanished as mysteriously as he had come, leaving the police with the impression that they have to deal with the elusive "Pimpernel" of the Dope Traffic. And they are not far wrong.

Despite the handicap of knowing little more than German, Oscar has managed to hop across the frontiers of nearly every country in Europe where there is an organised traffic in "dope," has disposed of his stocks, usually disguised as "samples" of whatever kind of goods he happens to be pretending to peddle at the time, and then vanishes like a flash, leaving the police just a little dazed.

In the past eighteen months he has made many trips to this country, paying visits to Manchester, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Newcastle and Edinburgh. On each occasion he has made a pretence of carrying on legitimate commerce and has exhibited to business men samples of cheap German goods, or discussed proposals for placing their goods in Germany.

But no real business has been done.

Dope is not the only line of Oscar. He has many side lines, as was revealed by the inspection of a "sample" case that Oscar was forced to shed in the course of one of his flights from inquisitive French and Belgian frontier control officers.

He books orders for some of the foulest products of the lithographic press, and would appear to be the chief of the gang of bagmen who are assiduously hawking filth of this kind throughout Europe.

At one time he had a Paris address, but the police became too inquisitive, and lately he has been operating from Vienna, where the police are now trying to trace him.

Oscar is more than usually interested in young ladies of good figure and "sporty" disposition. At any rate, he was in correspondence with many such, and seemed eager to take them into his "business" in capacities that were never clearly defined. There is something wrong about the whole business, and the sooner it is put right the better.

The Girl Who Didn't Know

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

When Virtue is blinded by ignorance, she walks in a pathway strewn with terrible dangers. The pictures of life given in this article should impress on mothers the necessity of warning their daughters against the sins of the world. How quickly flowers fade when plucked!

LONDON'S Underworld—how little the ordinary man knows of it! Out of the whirlpools and cross-currents of tragedy, disease and death, let me tell of some human wrecks.

Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE, the famous surgeon, prominent in the campaign against the dread disease.

One day I heard a timid knock on my office door. It chanced to be my Council day, and I did not welcome any intrusion. The porter came in, and handing me an envelope, said, "I know you are busy, sir, but this letter is from the Countess of ——." It contained a card on which was written, "You once said that if you could assist me in any way you would be glad to do so. The bearer badly needs your advice, and I know you will help her."

"The bearer" proved to be a tall, handsome girl, not more than twenty-five years of age. She was obviously ill at ease, and some moments passed before I discovered that she was suffering from a venereal disease. The news staggered me. Not that I am unaccustomed to such cases, but the girl before me and venereal disease seemed far apart.

SHE told me that, under the promise of marriage, her fiancé had taken advantage of her. When I inquired if her parents were aware of her condition, she answered plaintively, "If they knew, they would kill me."

I was intensely sorry for the girl, and anxious to help her. I suggested that she had better attend the clinic, but when she learned that that would mean mixing with other people, she pleaded with me for some other way. Ultimately a kind-hearted specialist offered to treat her privately, and not long afterwards I received the welcome news that he would cure her completely in five or six weeks.

I heard nothing more for a month. Then my visitor called to see me again. Instantly I saw that a change had come over her. "You have heard the news," she said, her voice trembling with emotion; "it is worse than we thought." I telephoned the specialist, and he told me that, as the patient had not responded to his treatment, he had had a blood test made, which proved that she was in a very desperate condition. "After treating five hundred patients a week for over thirty years," he continued, "I have only known three such cases."

I BROKE the news as gently as I could, but there still rings in my ears her agonised cry, "My God! if only my mother had told me there were such things in the world!"

The girl was sent into a home. For twelve months she suffered the tortures of pain and the pangs of remorse. A week ago she went to face her Maker.

The one responsible for her condition gets off scot free. Yet is he not as vile a murderer as any man who has paid the extreme penalty?

* * *

A short time ago a Frenchwoman called to see me, and, in broken English, tried to make me understand that a girl living in the next room to herself had just become a mother. She was alone, without money, and had no friends in the world. For pity's sake, would I not help her?

The eloquent pleading of my visitor moved me, and a few minutes later I descended the dismal, dirty steps of a house in a West End street. The basement room into which I was shown was dark and gloomy, and I struck a match to see more of my surroundings. Huddled in the corner, covered only by a threadbare blanket, was a girl who, in the dim light, seemed little more than a child.

SHE was clutching almost tenderly her new-born baby. I saw that it was a case for immediate treatment. Questionings and explanations could come later. So that day she came under our roof. When she arrived her child was dead.

For days the mother herself lay between life and death. Expert medical skill and careful nursing pulled her round, and one day she told me her story.

She had lost her mother when she was twelve, her father had remarried, and there was no room for her in the home. She came to London, found a job as a waitress, and tried to keep respectable on a wage of 18s. a week. Out of this she had to pay 8s. a week for the food provided by her employers, and another 7s. a week for her room. Was there any wonder she fell?

WHEN she knew of her condition she went to a maternity hospital, but was told that nothing could be done for her as she had no letter of recommendation. Letter of recommendation, forsooth!—and two lives are jeopardised because of stupid red-tapeism! When the child was born, her neighbour had gone for a doctor.

His first question was, "How much can you pay me?" And when told that she was penniless, he said, "You had better go to a hospital." This inhuman fiend was a foreigner. I cannot conceive that an Englishman would act in such a way.

The tragedy of it all! Here was a child, desolate and alone, living, nay, existing, in the heart of the richest city in the world. To our eternal shame there are hundreds more like her.

Will It Rain Blue Ruin?

by NORMAN ANGELL

Most people are hazy about Socialism. In simple language one of the most brilliant exponents of social and economic reform explains it as inevitable evolution. But as a student of history he should not overlook the possibility of his theories being based on wrong premises.

DOES the arrival of Labour mean blue ruin for the middle-class man? Or does his resentment come mainly from a vague fear that when the Socialists get to work the railroad porter will no longer call him "Sir"? What are we professional folk going to do about it all?

Let us first try to get at the reality behind these words that frighten us. Take "Socialism."

Unless we had already introduced a very big dose of Socialism, it would have been impossible for forty or fifty million people to live on these islands: most of us would be starving.

Think a moment of the effect of certain inventions. Eighty years ago most transport was by carts and horses. Carts and horses can easily be private property, subjects of private enterprise. No need for "State interference"—Socialism—at all.

BUT when we came to railroads, it was impossible to say "No State interference, no Socialism," because the railroads could not exist at all without State interference.

The promoters had to go to the nation, the Government, the State, and to say: "Please may we have permission, a franchise, to make a railway?" Without that State action the thing could not come into existence at all. It is created by the community, and to make the franchise workable the Government had to go further and condemn private property; the squire or landlord who declared that these damned new-fangled contraptions should not cross his land, had to be over-ruled—by Government interference; pure Socialism. Otherwise, British industry, as we know it, would never have existed.

AND when it came to finding capital, the Government had to make further elaborate laws about the limitation of financial liability of shareholders. If we had said "No Government interference, no company Acts," railroads could never have been financed.

What is true of railroads is truer still of business like banking and insurance. When the silversmith was banker, he could issue what bills or paper money he liked. It was the affair of himself and his customers. But as trade developed, the Government was called upon by everybody, in every country, to protect the public interest in the matter of issuing currency. What banks do about that, as what they do about other things, affects the value of the money in your pocket.

Do you still say: "No Government interference"? Why, we have now arrived at the stage at which even "anti-socialist" business men and economists talk of public control of the Bank Rate as one of the indispensable measures for stabilising the value of money.

You lie awake at nights fearing what a Labour Government may do to your savings—Capital Levy and the rest of it. Would it not be more to the purpose to inquire what these governments of law and order have been doing to our savings these last ten years?

Mr. NORMAN ANGELL, world-famous as the author of "The Great Illusion."

Here is a widow left with three thousand pounds in 1910. She invests it in first-class four per cent. securities at par; finds in 1920 that she is in debt, takes some of her debentures to be sold. What are they worth at that date?

The hundred gold sovereigns she gave for them? Quoted somewhere about sixty or sixty-five. Sixty what? Gold sovereigns?

Not at all. Sixty paper Fishers worth fifteen shillings of the gold money that she paid! For every hundred pounds she invested in gold, she will be lucky if she gets forty.

These Governments have calmly "capital levied" to the extent of about sixty per cent. of her property. And the extraordinary thing is that the very victims of this thing—a process which has brought the middle and professional classes of half Europe to utter ruin—do not resent it. Financial painless extraction!

WELL, again, what are we going to do about it? Go on saying "No Government interference, no Socialism"? The thing is fatuous.

Control there must be. Let us—the middle and professional classes—share that control, and help to make it good and effective; see that the Socialism is in the right place, and of the right kind. Let us do what, in fact, other workers have done: secure representation *as workers*.

Let us so frame our professional organisations, whether of clerks, engineers, dentists, doctors, journalists, teachers, the protective associations of small investors, or what not, that all these become as politically powerful in the State as the Trade Unions of manual workers are becoming.

Co-operate with them, and whether we vote for a Labour Government or against, get rid of the crazy notion that Socialism means that our savings must be confiscated and that no one shall have more than three pounds a week.

Unions staffed by officials whose salaries often run to four figures are not altogether likely to favour a three-pound-a-week standard.

Norman Angell

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD,
10, Downing Street,

DEAR PREMIER,—Before you assumed office you said that where Trusts stood in your way you would break them. Admittedly the Oil Trust lies somewhat outside your purview, but its activities, by raising the cost of living, affect every man and woman in the country. I cannot understand why British petrol, which is not affected by the cost of production in America, should be jumped up to Trust prices. Your Government holds a powerful weapon in the Anglo-Persian Oil Shares which you rightly decided to retain. Use it to prick the artificially inflated prices of the oil kings. JOHN BULL.

To LORD BEAVERBROOK,
Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

MY LORD,—The fact that you have taken it upon yourself to lay down the law to the Conservative Party does not interest me beyond causing me a little mild amusement. Your insistence on the fact that if they will shoulder food taxes the *Daily Express* will fight for the cause with might and main is a different matter. When you openly state that you are prepared to use the influence of your paper deliberately to increase the cost of living, I cannot ignore your menace. But I can—and will—fight it. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—Following upon my leading article on the subject last week, and in view of the fact that the whole question of the abolition of capital punishment is shortly to be discussed in Parliament, I am glad to note that the sentence of death passed upon Dora Martha Sadler, whose execution was fixed for the 21st inst., has been commuted. Apart from any other consideration, it would have been revolting to hang a woman one day and declare that hanging is unjustifiable the next, and though it may be some time before such a Bill becomes law, it will surely do so eventually, and the argument remains the same. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—It is unfortunate that within a few days of your coming into power the price of sugar goes up. Your enemies say that it is a case of cause and effect. However, it is my duty to inform you that the Woman in the Home will judge you by what you do. You've got to bring sugar down in price, not allow it to increase. Please take it from me that you must reduce the tax on sugar at once. And then enquire into the factors governing its importation price. Also, for your private information, I will tell you that there is a certain foreign millionaire holding up 40,000 tons of sugar in this country in order to force up the price. Make the parasite disgorge! JOHN BULL.

To Rev. Hon. EDWARD LYTTELTON, M.A., D.D.
6, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

SIR,—Amid all the clamour and confusion of tongues your utterance on the question of the Betting Tax rings out with no uncertain voice. You say that you have "never met anyone ready to affirm that if you diminish the money profits of a practice by 10 per cent. you encourage it." And I agree with you. It should be obvious that by lessening the inducement the temptation is reduced. I cannot understand the "piety" of those who oppose the Tax on the grounds that it will increase the vice. They are not pious: they are bilious. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
London County Council.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see that the London County Council has appreciated the fact that this summer London will be acting as hostess to the world. I refer, of course, to your decision to extend restaurant and hotel facilities during the period of the Empire Exhibition. But why allow this to be rendered useless by permitting a moral time-table to govern the liquid refreshment our visitors will doubtless wish to enjoy? Induce some of your members to remove the Puritanical blinkers from their eyes. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—Stanley Williams, a cashier in the Ministry of Labour at Liverpool, has been sent to jail for six months for embezzling money. His explanation is that he had to begin as a cashier with a deficit, and his accounts were "confused" by temporary clerks sorely under-paid. It was not alleged that he himself had the missing money. There is no excuse for embezzlement, but in a Government office there ought to be no avoidable temptation. JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
British Empire Cancer Campaign.

SIR,—It is passing strange that you should have so misinterpreted the responsibilities of your position as to suggest that the Abrams treatment for cancer should be tried on hopeless cases. When a method is backed by highly qualified medical men the public, to whom you are appealing for support, expect to hear that the claims are being investigated. That is what they are paying money for, and paying it gladly. For hide-bound cynicism and unthinking callousness you have established an unenviable record. JOHN BULL.

To Sir RICHARD GREGORY,
17, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

SIR,—No one can adequately compute the value of the scientist to the welfare of this nation, and so I thank you for the learned words you addressed to the public at Portsmouth the other day. All these scientific gifts, however, are capable of either good or evil uses, and I beg of you and your learned confrères to apply your talents and wonderful discoveries to ameliorating the social, physical and mental conditions of the human family. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN W. MUIR, Esq., M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Pensions.

SIR,—You deserve to be complimented on the courage and sincerity you exhibited when you stated that it was a good thing that the Labour Government had not the power to carry through such "big things" in their programme as national ownership. You announced that there was a revolution in the Labour and Socialist movement on the question as many in the Party are opposed to bureaucratic control of industry, because it revolts the feelings of the people who are liberty-loving. Good! The country is with us in our love of Liberty. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P.,
Secretary of State for War.

SIR,—Are you aware that at Brookwood, Surrey, there are about five hundred men of the Royal Corps of Signals, consisting of wireless operators, telegraph linesmen, turners, fitters, etc., who have not done a single day's useful work since they returned from Constantinople last October? They draw 5s. or 6s. a day, and pass their time playing football, hockey and boxing. Many of them have civilian appointments at home and abroad which they are anxious to go to. The same thing applies to Aldershot, Maresfield and Crowborough. Why don't you demobilise some of them? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD WALSINGHAM,
The Hassocks, Merton, Watton, Norfolk.

MY LORD,—You appear to be greatly perturbed by the advent of the Labour Government, for you told the Central Landowners' Association that it was especially necessary that they should all hang together at the present time, as their interests were likely to be severely threatened by the present political combination. I see no reason for such gloomy forebodings. The time to shriek will be when you are certain there is any real danger of injustice. JOHN BULL.

OFFICIAL VALENTINES!

Without Fear or Favour

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

Oh, Dry Those Tears!

REPORTS from the "City" are bad reading for the "Dismal Jimmies." A Labour Government is in power; yet the financial outlook, apparently, is much more hopeful than it was beneath the sober rule of the Conservatives.

Well, well, there is no accounting for these things. If the great bankers are to be believed, and surely they know their business, we are not to be ruined after all. Our nerves have been shaken, but our muscles are firm.

The vital organs of commerce and industry still beat soundly. Therefore the most appropriate slogan at the moment would seem to be, "Oh, dry those tears."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a respectable steady-going Scottish gentleman, who wears plus fours, plays golf, and sits quite nicely and comfortably at dinner by the side of the Prince of Wales. So let us all be happy. It is about time we were.

True, there are certain disquieting features. The Dockers' strike, if it comes, will be a sin and a folly, but we feel it in our bones that it must and will be prevented. The Labour Party has shown itself wondrously capable of handling the discordant elements in its own ranks.

There may be a dockers' strike, but we believe it will be of short duration. There may be a miners' strike, but it will almost certainly be still-born. Meanwhile, let us be of good cheer. Shrewd City folk tell us that securities are looking up. We are happy to believe them. We are an Empire yet.

Licensing Levity

IT has been remarked of "Dora," our war-time plague, that like Anthony Chuzzlewit she is "an unconscionable time o' dying." The last week's decision of the Licensing Courts have emphasised this offensive immortality.

First, however, let us be grateful for small mercies. The London County Council, by a large majority, has agreed to allow dancing in hotels and restaurants up to 2 a.m. except on Saturdays and Sundays.

But the chaos of London licensing hours remains. It is still 10 o'clock at night on one side of the street and 11 o'clock on the other, with the result that at the closing hour there is a general exodus from the closed premises to the open.

There ought to be a recognised hour throughout the country to which, if so minded, we can drink and a recognised hour at which we should betake ourselves to our homes—there also to "have another" if Dora will not be too shocked to hear our shameless avowal.

Clearing the Decks for Action

MR. Wheatley, the new Minister of Health, has started to deal with the Housing problem in quick style. Not even an estimated annual expenditure of £40,000,000 daunts him—for it is better to pay for Life than Death.

WE have no hostility to the Labour Government. We wish it well. Its great problem is Housing; for without homes the people cannot be happy, and the Labour Party has promised them happiness.

Yet how vast a problem it is; made more difficult by years of neglect on the part of governments headed by several of our leading statesmen. Now Mr. Ramsay MacDonald advances with a sort of hinted slogan that "Business is Business," and that he will have no trifling with the demand for homes for the people!

So far good. The Labour Government could do no other unless it were to be false to its pledges and untrue to its ideals. But how does the new Minister of State propose to set about the job?

THE cost of a proper housing scheme, the experts advise him, will be so great as to entail an annual expenditure of £40,000,000. The figure is stupendous, but not surprising. Can we pay it?

We must. It is the price not simply of comfort but of health and happiness. Therefore, Mr. Wheatley does not shrink from his great task. But he must be on his guard against certain obvious dangers.

Let us look at this £40,000,000. It sounds a lot of money, but there are other figures still more appalling. They proceed from the same direct root, the housing scandal. We are paying £14,000,000 annually for the cure or alleviation of tuberculosis, lesser or greater sums for the treatment of the whole class of diseases admittedly due to dirt and insanitary conditions, inseparable from the present housing mess. The absence of proper housing accommodation means unhealthy and immoral living. All these things Mr. Wheatley knows.

So we need not be too afraid of the figures. It is better to pay money for life than for death. It is better to insure life benefits than to discharge funeral expenses. Only—not a penny must be wasted.

THIS is the danger of all big schemes for the amelioration of social evils. The moment the body politic is in peril, the vultures gather round. The country is sick to death of the profiteers. Its chief hope is that the Labour Government will find means to check their rapacity and thwart their greed.

If the new Government fails in this task it is doomed. If it is led by the nose by Dives, Lazarus will take his revenge.

Labour has a great challenge here. It must kill profiteering. It must make no truce with the blood-suckers. It must keep an eye pre-eminently open for the huckstering knaves who would suck a mean advantage from the dire necessities of their kith and kin.

WE would remind Labour that there are other classes besides the manual workers. They also toil and suffer. They are no less worthy to be respected.

If they are disappointed they will take their revenge on the Labour Government, and who shall blame them? Some of the middle-classes could and would buy houses if prices were reasonable, but no one but a fool will pay the prices which are just now demanded, ranging at least three times above the pre-war level.

Unsung Heroines

BRAVE women ever command the loyalty of our chivalrous British public. We have our monuments to Nurse Cavell, to Florence Nightingale, and others who before the great world "Carried the lamp."

But there are others. They inhabit humble homes, and are in danger of oblivion through the short-sighted recognition of us all. It is time we altered our standard. It is time we recognised the unsung romance which dwells among the poor.

There are women of England to whom monuments exist more splendid than any carved with hands. Is there a more honoured name in England to-day than that of Margaret MacDonald, once the wife of our Prime Minister, and the woman to whom he attributes much of the success of his own career?

Are there not thousands such as she who, to greater or lesser degree, are helping the great men of England to be what they are?

We greet Sybil Thorndike to-day as an actress of established renown. She was not always such. Time was when she worked at the "Old Vic." for 30s. a week, in order to keep the four children of her brave husband, who was fighting at the front. But for the accident of her after-fame we might never have recognised her valour. She was the type of thousands of our unsung heroines.

Shylock's Victims

FEW people will quarrel with Judge Sir Thomas Granger who, at Southwark County Court the other day, expressed a determination "to stop usurers from inducing married women to borrow money."

Over and over again we have called attention to Court cases in which unscrupulous moneylenders appeal to the Bench for permission to squeeze the last drop of blood out of their unfortunate victims.

But surely the time has arrived for the Government to take a hand in putting a check to the mischievous business of these modern Shylocks who invariably seek their prey among married women who find it difficult to make ends meet.

Their methods are of the most despicable kind. By promises that the strictest secrecy will be observed, they induce their unhappy "clients" to sign agreements to refund loans by instalments which are too heavy to be kept up. They increase the interest with heartless greed each time the payments fall in arrear. In some instances as much as 3,000 per cent. has been charged on one loan.

The modern Shylock stops at nothing in getting his pound of flesh.

Plotters Behind the Scenes

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

THERE are men who look on the sufferings of their fellow-creatures as a weapon for the furtherance of their own vile interests. They are the men who do not want our Labour Government to succeed. They are the extremists who are working day and night for its downfall!

Mr. J. H. Maxton, M.P., one of the Glasgow contingent who have been so vocal on the housing question.

BECAUSE the Labour Government promises well, and because it is now generally agreed that few things could be better for this country than two years of sane and vigorous Labour rule, I wish to draw my readers' attention to the following matter.

There is a danger which may involve the new Ministry in early destruction. The extremists do not want Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government to succeed. They no more desire this Labour Government to succeed than they desire a Conservative or Liberal Government to succeed. Their purpose is to sow in our minds the idea that Mr. MacDonald is a "Liberal," and that his Cabinet is not to be trusted to deal boldly with the sufferings of the masses. They are out to wreck the Government. At this moment many of them are plotting for its downfall.

Ever since the war the working-classes have suffered in nothing so acutely, nay, but so terribly, as overcrowding. For nearly six years home life has been a mockery for multitudes of our fellow-citizens. God knows how many boys and girls have been irretrievably soiled in their minds by our disgraceful and disgusting housing conditions. I asked the Labour Party why it refused to deal with the selfish tyranny of the Building Trades Unions, which deliberately worked for a shortage of bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers and plumbers, at a time when work was as tragically wanted by men as houses were wanted.

My challenge was never answered. But what is the first step taken by a Labour Minister of Health? He says he must have dilution of labour. He says that the unions, who refused to admit even ex-Service men, must now admit untrained apprentices. He says that he cannot provide houses for the nation unless the army of building operatives is enormously increased.

NOW, the Labour Party in opposition could have brought this same pressure to bear on the Building Trades Unions. I believe that some Labour men were in favour of such a policy. That is to say, there were Labour men in opposition who were willing to help the Conservative Government in thus solving the long tragedy of our housing conditions. These men were humane and honourable. But the Party never lifted one finger to end this most cruel and dreadful of all our economic sufferings. Why not? Because the extremists had determined to use the agony of the masses as a political weapon for the destruction of society; and the extremists intimidated the rest of the Party.

I ask my readers never to forget this fact. I beg them to keep it in their minds. And I beg them to use it when these same extremists come amongst them with the poisoned slander that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a "Liberal" and his Ministry a collection of capitalistic office-seekers. Let them beware of the cruellest, wickedest, and insanest men now breathing British air.

If a child falls down in the street everybody thereabouts hastens to its rescue. If a woman loaded with her marketing purchases has difficulty in boarding a tram or entering a railway carriage, hands are instinctively stretched out to help her. Every act of courtesy and kindness springs from a perfectly natural impulse of the uncorrupted human heart. Distress in another is meant to distress us. Pain in another is meant to cause us pain. It is one of God's laws for the growth and elevation of the human race that we should be uneasy at the sight of any suffering.

But there are men who deliberately and most foully strangle in themselves this natural impulse of the human heart. They regard the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, not with an instinctive compassion, not with an impulsive desire to spring to the rescue, but with an eye as calculating as Lenin's and a heart as cold as the heart of one of his Chinese executioners. They pretend to be outraged by the sight of misery; they pretend to be indignant at the wrongs from which multitudes are now suffering; but their brains are occupied solely by a stupid economic theory, and their one purpose with the sufferings of mankind is to inflame them till they reach the fever-heat of revolution.

HOW do we account for such men? I like best the answer recently given by one of our farthest-seeing philosophers and one of the acutest observers of mankind I have ever met. He says: "*It is because so much is wrong with themselves that they find so much wrong with the world.*"

What is wrong with these men, who never see the beauty and gladness of human life? Unwittingly they are cultivating in themselves and propagating among masses of mankind a mental disease which is fatal to physical health and intellectual sanity—the disease of pessimism. They *want* things to be black. They *want* life to be hopeless. They *want* men, women and children to be unhappy.

They have committed one of the most dreadful blunders it is possible for the mind to commit; they have formed the idea that men and women are made for politics, and not politics for men and women. They can see humanity only as a political weapon. They cannot conceive of men and women with human hearts aching for simple individual joys and wistful for quiet individual happiness.

NO, they see us only in the lump, in the mass, and our hearts are to be kept in darkness, fed upon pessimism, and infuriated with hatred and bitterness—in order to test a theory in political economy. For your happiness and my happiness these slop-pails of political emotion do not care sixpenny-worth of Glasgow whisky.

What should we think of a doctor who so treated his patients? What should we think of Lord Knutsford if he appealed for funds for the London Hospital, not that poor people might be relieved of their pains, but that doctors might keep them in pain till they had proved this and that theory of medical speculation?

If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to enjoy a fair and favourable chance to deal with housing, unemployment, and international peace, the working classes of this country will be well advised to give him *active* support, to let him know that they trust him and will loyally follow him, and to show unmistakably that they mean to have no truck with the black-browed extremists, whose mental confusions have created within themselves a blackness of heart hateful to both God and man.

Remember this: they resent our happiness and gloat over our misery.

"The whole aim of our civilisation consists in fair play and consideration for one another."

The Unthink

Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Trade Union leader, more popularly known as "the Dockers' K.C."

WHY do grown-up men leave the settlement of their workaday differences to the cruel test of their children's capacity to endure starvation? I have asked the question so often that some readers who don't fully realise what it means may tire of its repetition.

But if the flesh and blood and heart of any one of us has any interest or love beyond itself, if it has any feeling of sympathy with its neighbour kindred, if it has any truly patriotic sense of kinship to the other heirs of history who make the people of England, we must know that there is something wrong with our methods when Somebody's children are made to cry for food because "there is a strike on."

If that Somebody were you or I—if to-morrow or next week, or at any time within the whirl of possibility, those famished children might be the babies whose ravenous call for a second helping made you laugh at dinner-time to-day—wouldn't *you* want to be doing something about it *now*, before that unthinkable thing happened? *You* wouldn't be content to leave the reference of a business dispute—present or future—to the devil's tattoo of hunger on the empty bellies of your little kiddies!

The Prime Minister said the other day that the whole aim of our civilisation "consists in reasonableness, in fair play, in kindly consideration one for another, in taking the quarrels of individuals away from their own arbitrament and placing them under the custody of disinterested parties." Well, if that is the purpose of Labour Government in regard to foreign affairs, ought not that rule of civilised common-sense begin at home? If we really are civilised, let us get rid of the savagery of strikes.

What stops the way? Primarily, two stupid caste obstinacies. There is the obstinacy of the "class-conscious fool," who is much less concerned to mend present wrong than to flash

A Cheaper Breakfast Table

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, who will have to solve the tremendous financial problem set forth here.

NO minister has a more difficult task to face than Mr. Snowden. The problem of meeting our war debts and balancing our national finance is a tremendous one. It is enough to make any Chancellor's hair turn white. Where can we economise, and in what direction can we launch out in new expenditure?

THE new Government has met the new Parliament this week, and the public awaits developments. As we run our eye imaginatively along the Front Bench to the right of the Speaker, two figures hold our attention, those of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden. If they succeed, the Government will succeed; if they fail the Government will fail. Let us turn our searchlight to-day on Mr. Snowden.

It was nearly twenty-four years ago, in the midst of the Khaki election of 1900, that he and I first met, and in the interval he has mellowed and ripened a good deal. He is no longer on the extreme left of Labour, but like Mr. MacDonald himself, a centre figure, very hostile to the Communist idea and, I should say, more accurately described as a Radical than as a Socialist.

BEFORE asking what Mr. Snowden should do, we must ask what he can do. The war has increased our debt *ten times*; it has increased our expenditure *four times*. Our national expenditure ten years ago, in 1913-14, was £197,493,000, and it is estimated that for the year 1923-24 it will be £816,616,000.

How is this vast sum raised and how is it spent? How can we spend more and raise less? These are the questions that Mr. Snowden is engaged in trying to answer.

Now the bedrock fact that confronts him is that the main items of our expenditure are fixed *and cannot be reduced*. They are the legacy of the war. Of the 800 millions we spend, the largest single item is *interest on the National Debt*, which amounts this year to 350 millions. That debt cannot be repudiated, and the idea of cancelling a part of it by means of a Capital Levy has been ruled out of court as impracticable. Therefore, it remains to be raised by taxation.

THE second largest item of the 800 millions is the Civil Services, a misleading phrase which covers Old Age Pensions, War Pensions, Education and so on. This accounts for 317 millions. Put those two items together and you have 667 millions of the total of 816 millions. What is the third largest item? It is Navy, Army and Air Force—122 millions.

The odd 27 millions of expenditure goes to local taxation, the Road Fund, land settlement and other services.

That is where the money goes. Where does it come from? Out of our pockets, by two channels, direct and indirect taxation. The first taxes our income and possessions; the second taxes what we consume—tobacco, beer, whisky, tea, sugar. Between them these two items produce 629 millions of the total, thus: Income-tax, Super-tax, Death Duties, 371 millions; and Customs and Excise, 258 millions.

The rest is raised by corporation taxes, stamps, profits on Post Office, etc.

That is the position with which Mr. Snowden has to deal. What ought he to do with it? Now we all agree that he has got to provide for housing. By whatever form of loan the money is raised for that purpose, the burden of whatever loss there may be will fall on the Exchequer. Houses we must have and houses at an economic rent cannot be built, though I hope the Government will be able to reduce the margin of loss by defeating the manœuvres of the building rings.

Next there is the removal of the income limit on old age pensions, estimated to cost 15 millions. That is fair. All of us who have the good or ill fortune to reach seventy should be entitled to the pension—even those of us who provide the money for it. Then we may take it that Mr. Snowden will make a cut at the indirect taxes on consumption. The cost of tea, sugar, and other commodities is weighed down with taxation, and some relief in these directions is just and necessary, for the necessaries of life of the poor ought not to be made artificially dear. With luxuries it is different; and tobacco, spirits, etc., cannot be touched.

But all this means not less expenditure but more, not a lower burden of taxation but a higher. It is possible that when the income and expenditure of this year is balanced it will be found that Mr. Snowden has a surplus in hand—probably 30 millions. This will go some way to meet his new demands, but not all the way.

And meanwhile the direct taxpayer, groaning under his 4s. 6d. in the £, asks plaintively, what about me? He agrees that houses must be built, that the breakfast-table duties should be cut down, that pensions should be for all. But when is his own hard case to be considered? When is this terrific war taxation that takes 20 per cent. of his income to be reduced?

Well, it is plainly impossible, from the figures I have given, to look for much relief in the near future from a reduction of expenditure.

THERE are possible economies in Civil Service administration. But I will not take part in the ignorant and misleading rubbish which the Stunt Press writes about civil servants. This country has the best Civil Service in the world, and we ought to be proud of it and careful to maintain its character. That does not mean that we should not cut down waste where it exists.

There remains the third item, the war services. Five years after the war that was to "end war" we are spending 50 millions more on war preparations than in 1913. Here is the field where economies ought to be possible. If we are compelled to spend millions in the air, as our medium of defence in the future, there ought to be reduction in the Navy which used to be our line of defence. We should drop such wasteful and mischievous ideas as the Singapore naval base and we should cut our losses in Mesopotamia and elsewhere.

But whatever is done in this direction must be done carefully and within strict limits, and at the end of the analysis I do not for the life of me see where those reductions in expenditure are to be made which will substantially reduce your income-tax (and mine, alas!).

IS there any other expedient to be explored? I can only suggest one. The taxes on commodities which are mainly the taxes on the poor cannot be increased and ought to be reduced. The tax on the middle-class, which is the income-tax, is unbearably high. Cannot another turn of the screw be given to the super-tax, which is the tax on the rich and the very rich?

In a word, is the burden of taxation fairly borne as between the middle-class and the wealthy? I do not think it is. The income-tax should come down and the super-tax should go up.

nkable Thing

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

himself and break things. On the other hand there is the bossy Puffing Billy of the Good Old Times, when a magnate could drink his port like a man, sir, and damn well do what he liked with his own, sir. The age in which we live has no immediate use for either of them. The first is too woolly-headed to recognise that nobody will ever get much Millennium out of a "nationalised" egg *after* it has been smashed. The other is too much of a plutocrat to realise that you can't make a slave do his voluntary best even if you whip and starve him.

Neither of these reactionary fools can understand the plain common-sense of a Captain of Industry like Mr. Hichens (chairman of Cammell, Laird and Co.), who thoughtfully assures us that "if we are ever able to solve the industrial problem, it can only be by recognising that industry is primarily a national service, in which private gain is subordinated to public good," and that the obsolete doctrines of unrestricted individualism, applied to the vast and intricate order or chaos of modern industry, must lead to anarchy.

In the iron and steel trades and in the manufacture of boots, no industrial stoppage has taken place for thirty years, simply because the power to precipitate industrial civil war has been taken out of the hands of the Rip Van Winkles who want to maintain their "natural" right to fight, and has been vested in Courts of Arbitration.

A dispute as to conditions of work or pay in the iron and steel trades is automatically referred to a "neutral" committee, and if they fail to settle the difference it is submitted to a mutually agreed Court of Arbitration whose decision is retrospective, and, therefore, involves no stoppage of work during negotiations. A similar system prevails in the boot trade, and the effect has been to preserve the peace in both industries for over a quarter of a century.

What has been achieved in these trades ought to be enforced in all. The same principles which the Labour Government are trying to apply in the region of international affairs through the League of Nations should be applied to domestic industry through such Courts of Arbitration as common-sense has set up in the boot trade and the iron and steel industry.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

"TOM" of course. No one would ever dream of calling him "Thomas." A big, bluff, burly, blunt and sometimes blustering customer is the member for Preston. Amazingly unlike his co-secretary on the International, Flix Adler, with whom, nevertheless, he managed to rub shoulders quite amicably. He is a very conservative Socialist, all for smoothness, co-operation and "smiling morning faces." Hasn't much use for the Clydeside temperament and, though strictly international in theory, is inclined to go purple in the face at the mention of Moscow! Has a real horror of force, whether it be Kaiser or Lenin, and believes that nothing on earth or in heaven can justify its application.

BEFORE it was known that the Prime Minister had taken the job himself, it was the common talk of the Party that Mr. Shaw would go to the Foreign Office. He is the only member of the Government, except the Premier, who knows almost as much about Germany and France as he does about England—and, unlike Mr. MacDonald, he can speak French and German fluently. Also the experience he has gained on the International would have proved invaluable at the Foreign Office.

Failing that, however, it must be admitted that he has got the next most suitable job for his talents and knowledge of affairs. Under him the Ministry of Labour will be a ministry of hard labour, and he will be the hardest worked labourer in the Ministry.

TOM SHAW has altered considerably in the last few years. To the outsider it might appear that he has "toned down." Well, in a way he has. His early life was the very devil! He started to earn his living at the age of ten in a cotton mill. That was over forty years ago; and though the years have brought their solace, he has not forgotten the experience.

A TINGE of bitterness was noticeable in many of his early utterances—perfectly natural for a man who was thrown into the world at such an age—but it has totally disappeared, and a chance encounter nowadays gives one the impression that he never had a day's worry in his life. He has a fine appearance, a commanding voice, a bland method of address, and the general demeanour of a well-fed, placid bourgeois!

All of which is probably due to the rigorous suppression of an otherwise choleric nature. But Tom's self-educative efforts have not only been devoted to the attainment of knowledge and the mastery of languages. From the age of twenty-one, he has been busily disciplining himself to think clearly, to act cautiously and to speak discreetly.

The Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, M.P.

It remains to be seen whether he is quite so much of a Socialist as he thinks he is. High office has a wonderfully sobering effect on Utopia-hunters. Besides, the Clydeside caterwaulers are enough to convert the reddest pre-war "red" into a stiff-necked Tory!

ONLY by such methods could he avoid friction and get at other people's points of view. As a result he has been chosen to spend his public life on committees. "Send for Tom," has often been the only way out of a dispute, and a suggestion that invariably has the support of both Parties.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Horse Sense and Dean Horse
by HARRISON OWEN

OFFENSIVE behaviour was the charge brought against "Bob" Smillie, M.P., who, when he stepped into the dock, was absent-mindedly smoking a clay pipe filled with strong shag tobacco.

"It is regrettable," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the limitations of legal terminology render it necessary that this particular charge should be brought against the accused, for we all know that offensive behaviour, in the non-legal acceptation of the words, is not characteristic of this veteran trade-union leader.

"In legal parlance, however, 'offensive behaviour' embraces a multitude of sins, and I know of no other charge which would cover the entirely superfluous breach of the peace alleged against the accused—to wit, the flogging of a dead horse in a public place.

"AT a Socialist demonstration at Kirkintilloch the accused made strenuous endeavours to whip into life that unfortunate animal, the Capital Levy, which, as the jury will be well aware, died as a result of overwork during the General Election.

"Mr. Smillie advocated the imposition of the Levy so as to provide money for carrying out various social reforms and in order to make it a bit easier 'for a rich man to get into heaven.'

"This last remark of Mr. Smillie's, I assume, was intended merely as a piece of capital levity, but I have yet to learn that helping the rich heavenward, is any part of Labour's policy.

"The accused talks glibly of taking from the 'excessively wealthy the larger part of their wealth,' but he does not explain how this is to be done without taking from the poorer classes the jobs which they are able to hold only so long as Capital remains intact.

"THE idea that we can pay our debts by picking one another's pockets is about as sensible as it would be to suppose that we could live by taking in one another's washing. Most of the Labour leaders, if they have not actually read the burial service over the Capital Levy, have at least made no attempt to revive it; and in dragging this corpse from the cupboard Mr. Smillie is causing embarrassment at G.H.Q."

While admitting that his client's conduct had been misguided and altogether superfluous, Mr. Straw-splitter urged that "Bob" Smillie's tongue had always been governed by his heart rather than by his head. He was deeply moved by the sight of ill-fed and ill-housed people, and suffered from the delusion that it was possible to reform industrial conditions by deforming industry.

THE jury found the accused guilty, with a recommendation to mercy because of his age and his past services on behalf of the under-dog.

"I hope," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that the prisoner now understands that what he advocates is vain and impracticable. What we want at present is not confiscation, but economy.

"Although I do not admit that the fact that a man's heart is in the right place is an excuse for his hand being in someone else's pocket, I quite realise that while the prisoner's notions of political economy are distinctly foggy, his motives are sincere; so he will be discharged with a caution upon entering into an undertaking that he will not again attempt to nominate for the political Derby the deceased equine."

THE BORSTAL "BARMIES"

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

CONTINUING his investigations into the whole administration of the Borstal system, our contributor deals this week with the Institutions at Feltham and Wormwood Scrubbs. At Feltham are housed many of the lads of weaker intellect, but at the Scrubbs are the boys who are officially regarded as definite "failures." The contrast in the treatment at the two institutions makes a vivid story.

I CAME across a boy at the Borstal institution at Feltham who was looking unhappy. I asked him why. "They won't let me look after the pigs," was his astonishing reply. "I love pigs. Why won't they keep a boy at one job at a time? . . . Give me pigs!"

He was of the country yokel type, his furrowed forehead expressing his deep perplexity. It was all very simple to him. The pigs were there. And he loved pigs. What could be easier? I told the deputy-governor about it and he smiled. "Quite a nice lad that," he said, "but he doesn't seem to realise that there are other little jobs on the farm that want attending to besides the pigs. He'll be all right."

He made a note. "Pigs it shall be," he said genially.

* * *

At Feltham, a large red-bricked building set amid green fields, are the better boys of Borstal. Some are of the weak intellect type—"sub-normals" they are called. I saw a group of them at work building an out-house. Fine sturdy lads they were, too, making up physically what they lacked mentally. Among their associates they are good-naturedly termed the "barmies."

Now it is a problem in itself what to do with these boys. Should they be at Borstal at all? And, if they should, would it be better to segregate them? I asked the chaplain, and he said that separating them had been tried, but the boys were so despondent among themselves that they soon asked to be permitted to join "their jollier pals."

Some of the brightest lads I've seen in any of the institutions were among the upper grades at Feltham. And their answers to my questions were given promptly and sometimes wittily. The point is whether mixing these lads with the "barmies" would result in a good or an adverse influence.

This much, however, I know: By permitting a boy, say of twenty-one years of age, who has been living on the edge of crime for years, to associate with a boy of sixteen fresh to crime, is merely asking for further trouble. Classification is very evident at Feltham, but it is not nearly enough.

* * *

I had one bad shock, after asking about a boy who had appealed for help. I was very anxious to get his own story, but was told that he had gone away—they "thought" to Swansea prison. They were not sure about it! These are the hard cases which it is imperative for the Press to investigate. I propose to see this boy, even if I must go to Swansea or Timbuctoo.

Yet Feltham, on the whole, offers a definite chance to the boy delinquent. The workshops, the kitchen—I tasted the boy cooks' excellently baked bread—the schools are all under capable instructors, while the deputy governor's experience in boys' clubs is invaluable.

The methods of the public school are applied, and the spirit inculcated. I happened to arrive the day after the boys had given their first Shakespeare play, *The Merchant of Venice*. They were full of it.

"Shylock" at work in the tailoring department—a pale, keen-looking lad, suggested Oliver Twist by asking for more—plays, not pounds of flesh! The "Duke"—tall and good-looking—had a lordly air, while another Borstalian who took part told me, in answer to my question why he was there, "that he had been after the ducats"—in other words, he was sentenced for stealing money.

* * *

"When I first came here," another inmate of nineteen, who looked more like fifteen, told me, "I couldn't settle down. I was awful homesick. That's the time you get into trouble and lose marks. But, after a time, I got used to the place, and I got my promotion." This human sidelight was given me by other boys.

If the boys fail after leaving Feltham, the reason must be searched for beyond the portals of the Middlesex institution.

I saw some of these failures at Wormwood Scrubbs a few days later. It made me wonder afresh at the frailty of human nature, for, although Wormwood is preferable to Wandsworth, it could only be a fool who would prefer either of them to Feltham.

* * *

Yet out of the 106 young men I saw at the penal prison in London, ninety-eight were revokees. They had passed through the comparatively comfortable palaces of Feltham, Rochester and Portland, had committed some fresh crime and had their licences revoked. Only eight, I was pleased to find, had been transferred direct from Borstal institutions for being incorrigible.

That isn't at all a bad record. What is so disquieting, however, is the number who break down after having won their stripes and passed out of the institution.

* * *

The first crowd of ex-Borstalians I saw at the London prison were in the brush room—working like fury. They were all big lads, and the suggestion was made to me that their pluck, their strength and energy might be better utilised in some really creative capacity—or some job that called for life in the open-air. "Under the severest discipline some of these lads, who love the spirit of adventure, might find their niche in life" I was told.

* * *

The idea is appealing. I am certain they would be far happier working out in the open-air than in this crowded workshop. I spoke to a one-armed lad in the carpenters' shop. A pitiful figure he looked. He had met with an accident in a tin mill where he used to work, and his arm had been amputated. But now even his wooden arm was smashed.

Another lad with fine frizzy hair was making an excellent show with his carpentry work. Indeed, it is amazing how skilled some of the boys really are when they have the necessary quality of application to help them along and give them an interest in things.

It is a pity to see such talent going practically to waste. Many of these fellows would make decent artisans and workers with the right spirit in them. If only they could rise out of their depths!

Miss Jean Ellwood, Assistant Director of the Borstal Association.

But apparently their lapses leave the marks too deeply in their souls and minds.

Let it be understood that those at Wormwood Scrubbs are officially regarded as the definite failures. "After all the care and kindness bestowed on them, they let you down. Some rob their own parents," was the summary of one officer.

There is, however, another side of the picture. The reason why some of these boy-men find themselves in prison is that they threw up jobs and cleared off, thus breaking the conditions of their licence. Is it not a fact that in some instances employers take advantage of the boys unfortunate past and offer inadequate pay?

When we come to the question of the after-care of the Borstal boy, we shall find that with the general conditions of unemployment it is difficult enough to place these boys as it is. Would it not be better to hold on to them till a really good job was found for them? A governor of one of the big prisons told me recently that the reason for the prison being half-empty was due to the dole. "It enables the type of man we used to get here just to keep his head above water," he said.

Would it not benefit the community to do even a little extra for the young delinquent till the economic situation was a bit more favourable to him? At Feltham, Rochester and Portland there is yet hope for him. Once at Wormwood Scrubbs he is lost for ever.

There seems to be no hope once the gates have closed behind him. He is definitely a "failure"—that terrible word that means nothing to the City man or the successful worker who has "made good" often because he had never the temptations to be "bad."

But "failure"—and the meaning of it—is known at Wormwood.

* * *

I should be sorry in any case to send a boy to Wormwood Scrubbs unless I was perfectly convinced that his was a hopeless case. The first officer I saw there was a regular unbending sergeant major type. It is just as well that there is no pretence of reforming lads at the prison!

The instructors, however, who make no affectation of "understanding" the lads under their charge, are, on the other hand, keenly enthusiastic in teaching their particular trade. At the carpenters' shop, in the kitchen, and the bakery it was almost difficult to escape from these well-meaning officers who wished to show me samples of their "apprentices" work.

I am quite sure that these ex-Borstal boys longed for the privileges of Feltham, Rochester or even Portland.

Alas for boyish impulse! I remarked to the governor as I saw some of these fine fellows thus brought down in life that it may happen to anybody.

But for our happier circumstances or surroundings or upbringing any one of us might have fallen as those boys have fallen, "sinned" against society as they have sinned.

* * *

Borstal, at any rate, gives the young offender cultured, sympathetic house-masters and all sorts of privileges. Prison gives him hard-cut rules and regulations, and woe betide him if he but break one.

There was a boy at Wormwood Scrubbs who excused himself for revoking his licence because "there had been no manly discipline at Borstal." Yet I found on enquiry that even the "manly discipline" of Wormwood Scrubbs has not proved to be the panacea. Boys come back to prison again and again. No wonder some of the leaders of the Borstal movement frankly asked for any solution I had to offer.

* * *

Well, if I had to give one I should say, "Boys' Clubs." Since the war there has been a marked falling-off in volunteers among men and women workers. Benevolence is at a premium.

Next Week: Aylesbury Revelations.

Do you know—

that twelve people travelling by rail as one party for pleasure purposes may obtain tickets at reduced fares?

Write Dept. O, 26, Pancras Road, N.W.1, for particulars.

AFTER YOU ARE FORTY

Needs of Middle-aged Men and Women.

In the care of his health a man, it has been said, is either a fool of a physician at 40. For the average man it should not be difficult to be healthy and in his prime at that age. With the weaker sex the case is different, for this age is liable to bring with it anxieties and health trials; but many women suffer more than they need.

Actually, whether the individual be a man or woman, if the ailments arise from anæmia, nervousness, indigestion, or fickle health connected with a faulty blood supply, the remedy is new blood. So, if blood troubles have assailed you, you can enjoy new health by the simple expedient of renewing your blood.

To renew your blood begin to-day a short course of Dr. Williams' pink pills; then, as the new blood which they make flows through your veins, you will gain fresh energy, new strength, a keen appetite, and full, vigorous health. If a man, you will know the joy it is to be strong; if a woman, you will be gratified with your bright, womanly health.

All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, price 3s. 0d. per box.

FREE.—Every man or woman of middle age should read "The Way to be Well" sent free to all who write to F. A. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Trouble in the Home

"A FRIEND of mine is always very unhappy. She has three very attractive daughters, and a husband whom she thinks is everything that is bad. They do not 'hit it' off at all.

"I dare not tell her what I think, for the sake of our friendship, but I think she is just as much to blame as he is, if not more so, for she is always sticking up for her daughters, encourages them in their expensive ways of dress and pleasure, and will not hear a word against them.

"Her husband does not ill-treat her at all, or attempt to spoil her pleasure, but just because he is of a quieter nature, and does not agree with their ways of living, she calls him everything to everyone she talks to, and gives them all the impression that he is quite a bad man. I *know* he is not, but one cannot reason with her at all.

"Humanist, who should come first? Husband or children? I say the former, especially as he is in the right."

"Humanist" says: *Many people make a mess of marriage because they can see no point of view but their own. In this case it might be unwise to "butt in" as a peace-maker, but if opportunity offers, the daughters might be asked to make their mother happier by showing special consideration for their father and his point of view.*

Stayed for the Night

"THE root cause of the predicament in which I find myself is the recent strike of the railwaymen. I live, or rather lived, with my young wife in a suburb of the North connected with its parent city only by rail. Since our marriage two years ago my wife has always been of a jealous disposition and for me female society has been taboo, but beyond a little unpleasantness arising from this we have been very happy.

"On the last Saturday of the strike my wife made up her mind to visit her parents who live in the near-by city, and in spite of my suggestions that the bad train service would give trouble, she set off.

"All went well with me until eight in the evening, when I was expecting her to return. At that hour a visitor turned up, a young lady friend whom we have both known for years, and with whom I kept company before our marriage. She had come to stay the week-end, and, somewhat nonplussed, I asked her in with the hope that my wife would soon appear.

"Twelve-thirty a.m. arrived without her, and I was in desperation, for the absence of hotels here, and the early bed-time of our neighbours, made other refuge for my guest impossible.

"There was nothing else to be done but to allocate to her one of our spare bedrooms, and we retired to rest. Half an hour later my wife and her mother arrived home and the expected fat was in the fire. She has left me and I have received a solicitor's note to the effect that proceedings are to be taken."

"Humanist" says: *If your conscience is clear and your wife has no ground for complaint try to get her mother to instil reason into her.*

A Worried Inventor

"I AM an inventor, but I have lived for the whole of my life among the poorer working-classes and know how difficult it is in these hard times. Although an ordinary working man, I have made my occupation my great study, and far into the night I have pored over the details of the mechanism used in our trade.

"Three months ago I completed plans and a model of a contrivance which I have been working at for a very long time, and experts tell me that once introduced it will revolutionise the industry.

"But my scruples prevent me from placing the article on the market for I can foresee it ousting workers from their jobs in hundreds, and I cannot bear to think that I will be the cause of starvation and misery falling to the lot of helpless children and careworn parents. At the same time it is hard to forgo the wealth, ease and comfort which my endeavours entitle me to receive."

"Humanist" says: *Neither you nor any man can stay the progress of science. Your invention will be discovered by someone else if you do not divulge it yourself. You are wrong, besides, in supposing that new inventions cause unemployment.*

Life's Long Battle

"I AM seventy-two years of age and am still compelled to work to support a poor old wife who was stricken down with a stroke of paralysis seven years ago. I had a nice little nest egg, as I thought, put away for my few last years, but owing to her sickness and expenses with doctors' extortionate fees, I am sorry to say it has had to go. Moreover, I find I am in debt a few pounds. I have waited on her hand and foot for seven years, not being in a position to pay for help from servants.

"I have grown very despondent lately, as I can foresee no change—only death—to relieve us, and I am asking your impartial opinion whether it will not be better for me to die in prison than the Union Poor House."

"Humanist" says: *You have fought a good fight: do not fail now. There are many old age pensioners who find their consolation in the knowledge that they have done their bit like men, and who refuse manfully to surrender to the enemy, Despair.*

The Woman's Problem

"WHEN I was a girl my father and mother were people of means, and there was no necessity for me to work or to think of business training. Upon the death of my widowed mother in 1910 I was well off, but the trade slump of 1920 brought about my ruin, and after realising on my assets and paying off my creditors, at fifty years of age I found myself with but £50.

"I am now a domestic servant. Some weeks ago I was asked by an honest, hardworking foundryman of sixty to become his wife. The rudiments of housewifery I am ignorant of, and altogether I am not at all sure whether our lives would be happy ones, for the different customs, manners and ways of living of our widely-separated classes may cause discord in the future. I do like this man, however, as far as I know him, and in my longing for independence I am eager to obtain some kind of a home and to escape from the unbearable servitude of my present sphere."

"Humanist" says: *Do not be so foolish as to believe, at fifty years of age, that marriage is an exclusive privilege for those who have had a University education or an expensive up-bringing. Marry the man and make him comfortable and happy.*

A Brutal Preacher

"MY mother and father are held in very high esteem, and are known as good Christian people in this town. They have been married twenty-five years and I am their only son. Recently my mother came to me, begging me to allow her to stay. She felt she could not live with my father another day.

"She married believing that my father was a Christian man who lived up to the principles he professed. Within nine months of the marriage he brutally threw her down a flight of stairs, although he knew that she would soon become a mother.

"From that time, twenty-five years ago, her life has been a succession of heartrending brutalities and endless strivings to keep the peace. He still preaches and prays in public, but blasphemes and drinks at home.

"Twenty-five years of this sort of treatment have wrought havoc with this poor mother of mine, but the best course to take is not clear to me. I have proof of my father's infidelity, but I hesitate to use this on account of local scandal.

"The other alternative is to take my mother into my own home, where she would be certain of kindness."

"Humanist" says: *Put the whole position to your mother. If she wants a divorce or a legal separation she ought to have it, in spite of your fear of local scandal.*

The Colour Line.

"My friend, from South Africa, is of mixed race, but looks full white. He is engaged to be married to my wife's sister, who does not know that her prospective mother-in-law is a Kaffir. Should I tell?

If the half-breed is concealing it, let your family ask for particulars of him. If he lies—it is your duty to tell. If not, it is the future wife's business—not yours.

Honour or Profit.

"Engaged in a picture dealer's, my employer is selling a faked Rembrandt for a genuine one. The buyer is a friend of mine, whom I introduced to the firm. What should I do?"

Give your employer a chance to do the right thing by putting your case to him as you have put it to me. If he doesn't respond leave the firm. There is no career in the employment of a dishonest picture-faker.

The Remedy.

"I have found a remedy for rheumatism, and got it made up in bottles by a chemist. He has offered me five pounds for it: I want fifty. He says if I don't accept he will make it up himself. What can I do?"

Try to sell it to an honest chemist on a royalty basis. It would be risky to go to law over a non-patent medicine, which anybody may make up, if he can get the formula.

The Dead Past.

"A man who years ago treated a girl very badly is now apparently living an exemplary life, and is engaged to a girl of purest instincts and great nobility of character. Should I tell her father?"

No. Life would be intolerable if, when people got engaged, other people started investigating their past. If the father, presumably a man of sense, is satisfied, you have no call to interfere—especially if the fiance is making good.

Too Much Thrift.

"My wife has a mania for saving. She wants to put the baby out to nurse, and work herself, living separately, but both paying for the child and banking our savings. I want to keep my home."

People with spendthrift wives may envy you. You are entitled to tell your wife that you do not wish for the extra savings at the expense of your home, for which you married. A wife's duty is to put husband and children first.

Children in France.

"My first wife's children, brought up by their French grandparents, are in France. The grandparents want to keep them. I want them here. Can I get them?"

Yes. You are entitled to them and can go to France and bring them back. But don't act harshly. Let them go for holidays to France. It will be good for them and for their naturally affectionate grandparents.

Whose Home?

"Thirty-five years of age, unmarried, I have refused offers from two men, and support my father. Now my married brothers and sisters, out of work, wish to come and live with me. Can I stop it?"

Yes. It is really your home, not your father's. And you are mistress of your own home. But try to come to a permanent understanding, so that you can help your brothers and sisters temporarily.

A Home Burden.

"I am a commercial traveller, away for three weeks out of four, about to get married. My mother is blind, my brother is being released from an asylum and will need constant supervision. Am I entitled to ask my sweetheart to share such a burden? The alternative is for my brother to be permanently confined."

You cannot attend to your business and your brother, and, therefore, must transfer that responsibility to the State. That clears your way for marriage. If you were at home it would be different.

Words Winged to Women

"Those Awful Girls!"

by MABEL HORNER

ONCE again mere man has been discussing Woman. Not that there is anything surprising in that. Man has always talked about woman. He always does and always will, and he talks with special gusto when the woman happens to be a pretty girl.

The wise beards have been wagging. They have been telling us the truth. Also, they have been telling us off!

Unfortunately, Truth is an elusive elf. And Truth must have indulged in many a trill of puckish laughter as the wise beards wagged over the awfulness of the British girl.

It started in America. A good Briton told the Yanks that since the war the British girl has deteriorated shockingly. She is frivolous and pleasure-loving. She is scornful of the quiet pursuits of home. And—worst crime of all—she is given to too much looking on the powder-puff when it is seductively pink.

Now the police courts take up the tale. From the bench comes the uncompromising dictum that the long and the short of the matter is the sorrowful fact that the modern British girl is totally unfitted to take on the sacred duty of becoming a wife. So what further can be said after that?

A good deal. And it is up to women to say it.

A rather good beginning was made in the House of Commons, when the newly-elected women members made their maiden speeches. Let us take one—the maiden speech of Margaret Bondfield, which happened to touch this debatable point.

Truth does not always lie hidden at the bottom of the well. Sometimes she bubbles to the surface. And Truth flashed into momentary sight when Margaret Bondfield spoke of the ill-effects, not only of unemployment among girls, but of the extremely sectional character of such employment as girls obtain.

What does sectional employment, otherwise division of labour, mean?

Division of labour means a girl spending her whole day wrapping up tiny blocks of chocolate in minute squares of tissue paper; all that is required of her being neatness and despatch in wrapping as many as possible similar bits within the scheduled time.

Or, if she works in clothing, she may spend her days punching buttonholes with incredible speed and skill and yet be as far from knowing how to cut out and make a garment as though she had never handled one.

That is not how judges and generals learn their trades.

Nor should the girl who, suddenly plunged from sectional employment into the multifarious and exacting duties of housewifery, finds herself at sea become the subject of these persons' cheap gibes. It isn't fair.

It won't be fair either if women in general allow either the gibes or the admitted lowering of standards to go unchallenged. For it is women who could take away the reproach from the one employment that gives to girls an all-round chance, and that is domestic service.

Women must change their attitude of mind and recognise domestic service as a skilled trade. They alone can arrange the reasonable hours, the decent accommodation, and give to domestic assistants a good social status.

Above all, they can interest themselves in training-centres whence trained girls might issue with certificates for their job. If this were done, unemployment and its attendant evils among British girls might instantly be stopped.

The Fireside Confession

THE children had been put to bed at their usual hour, and when the mother had returned to the fireside she drew her chair in beside the man.

"You look worried, Tom," she murmured sympathetically. "Anything wrong with the business?"

He raised his head and looked into her kindly eyes.

"No, nothing wrong, Mary. But I've been offered a proposition and I confess it tempts me. I don't know whether to take it or not. It sounds almost too good to be true."

He hesitated, his hand passing wearily through his hair.

"Business life's so full of snags these days, you know, that a man's got to be careful."

She nodded understandingly.

"Tell me about it, Tom," she suggested.

He did. When he had finished she touched him on the arm.

"I'd go easy with that," she said. "It does sound too good to be true. But we can easily tell whether it's a genuine proposition."

"How?" he asked in surprise.

"We'll get our best friend's advice on it before we commit ourselves."

"Our best friend——" he began, and then dropped his eyes to the paper in his hand. "*Of course*, Mary. I had forgotten for the moment. I'll write to JOHN BULL about it! They'll soon find out whether it's a catch. Why, they save people pounds every week in this way!"

"Yes, it's wonderful, Tom," the wife went on. "They give advice on anything and everything—and FREE! Come, let's write now when we're at it. It's better to be safe than sorry!"

* * *

And Tom wrote—just as thousands of others are writing to us who are in doubt or trouble—and we replied to him and gave him advice, and later received a letter of warm thanks.

It cost him nothing—just a stamped addressed envelope inside his own letter. But what did it save him? Tom will tell you!

And it's not only on business problems that we are giving advice. It's on absolutely anything that's bothering you. Write to JOHN BULL about it. Our wonderful Advice Service will keep you from getting grey hairs and will smooth the furrows out of your brow.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

As plans galore we've had before,
We shan't begin to shout;
We'll wait a wee until we see,
Them being carried out!

Why should we feast this greedy beast,
When we've no way to use it?
Let's hope that Mac will send it back
Or take it out and lose it.

The man to do the job, it's true,
Has been a long time coming;
But, anyhow, we hope that now
He'll get on with the plumbing.

'Rec' Unemployment, all agree,
Is now the Nation's curse,
Yet strikes on every hand we see,
Which all makes matters worse.

If

— you contemplate opening a Credit Account,

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A SPECIALITY

My Lincoln and National

Three Good Bets for those who wish to find the Spring Double

EVERY day I receive several letters asking me to put up a few likely doubles for the Lincoln and National.

So far, I have carefully refrained from doing this for the best of all reasons—I want JOHN BULL readers to have a run for their money.

Last week I stated the true position with regard to Epinard, so now you know as much about the French champion as anyone. I am convinced that if he sees the starting-post he will win—and win easily. On the other hand, if Mr. Wertheimer decides that he is not cherry ripe all the doubles in which he is coupled will go up in the air.

I still advise a waiting policy, but for those who insist on a little flutter I suggest the following:—

Epinard and Drifter.
Epinard and Taffytus.
Epinard and Master Robert.

In the event of Epinard being scratched, substitute Westmead.

The Lincoln's Hottest Favourite.

There is not much money changing hands over the Lincoln and in most bookmakers' lists there is still the significant little O before Epinard's name.

A few of our mortal enemies are offering 8 to 1 the French horse, and giving a run. I do not think this is a bad offer. If the horse faces the tapes I should not be at all surprised if he is an even-money chance. At this price he would be the hottest favourite on record for the Lincoln. The honour is at present held by Ravensdale, which started at 11 to 8 in 1898 and then failed.

The Grand National favourite should be on the 8 to 1 mark and Taffytus, after his splendid race at Sandown Park, will probably displace Conjuror II. and Silvo. Taffytus finished the three and a half miles at Sandown as fresh as a daisy.

A Good National Outsider.

I have been told from a very good source that Master Robert is almost certain to get a place in the National. He is a genuine outsider, and is on offer in some lists at 40 to 1. I think he is worth a little each way.

At Aintree last November he won very easily from The Boro and several other National horses. Shaun Spadah, the favourite, fell. This performance was good. Another point in Master Robert's favour is that he has done the National course, carrying almost two stone more than he will shoulder on March 22.

This Week's Racing.

Windsor and Hurst Park share the racing this week. These meetings are always very popular, and I hope to be able to send out a few winners in my daily code selections.

Favourites invariably hold their own at Windsor, but there is no trainer who makes a happy hunting ground of this venue. If any of Mr. Rayson's horses run—trainer Hunt—I advise you to back them each way.

At Hurst Park I repeat my advice given in a recent issue of JOHN BULL. Follow F. Hartigan. I suggested this for the last Kempton Park meeting and Hartigan won with Bedhill 8 to 1; Hobton 5 to 1; Ardgour 11 to 8; and Hantai.

The following horses look likely winners at the moment:

WINDSOR.

Antinagin, Warwick, Rosemary.

HURST PARK.

Kirkharis, Royal Edgar, Tara Hill.

A Useful Pair.

Mr. E. H. Tattersall possesses a useful pair of money-spinners in Ned Carver and Playful. Ned has won five out of his last ten races, while the other animal—given in the pedigree books as a pig—has triumphed five times in succession.

I remember seeing Ned Carver win his first race. This was at Sandown Park in 1922. Since then he has run over thirty times. Ned was backed down to even money in a field of twelve and I fancy every punter had his little bit on. Before the race was half over he led by a distance, and it was only a question of would he stand up? There was not a murmur until he sailed over the last fence. He won by fifteen lengths.

The Belshewik Way.

Kind friends very often tell me the Turf isn't straight. What is? I tell them to go to Russia and watch the racing there. At the Belshewik trotting meetings the programme consists of seven mere, two of which are "arranged" beforehand. The favourites in these two races finish well down the course and these in the know rake in the shekels.

The punters are given a square deal in five of the events, but, unfortunately for them, they do not know which are the two faked races.

Black Friday.

February 1 will be remembered by many punters as Black Friday. Not one favourite scored in twelve races—six at Sandown Park and six at Haydock. I glanced through the list of selections at Sandown given in one of the mid-day papers, which contained over one hundred and fifty tips. Two writers each gave one winner. Every other selection lost. I coded a loser at this meeting, but sent out Nitric for Haydock, which won at 4 to 1.

PADDOCK PABS.

Is there any truth in the rumour that Cheltenham is leaving Hednesford and coming south at the end of the jumping season?

* * *

Lady owners had a day out at Chelmsford. They carried off four of the six events.

* * *

George Carpenter tried his luck at the St. Moritz races. He came a purler on the fur but was not hurt.

* * *

Archibald also had a few mounts.

* * *

The ice, by the way, is well covered with snow.

* * *

The Aga Khan's mare, Mumtaz Mahal, has blossomed out into a splendid three-year-old. She will probably be seen out early in the flat racing season.

FORECASTS FOR FEB. 23.

ENGLISH CUP—THIRD ROUND.

Home Winners.

*Cardiff, Southampton, *West Bromwich A., *Aston Villa, *Brighton.

Away Winners.

*Huddersfield, *Newcastle or Derby County.

Draw.

Palace or Notts Co. v. Swindon.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

Chelsea, *Sheffield U., Middlesbro, *Newcastle (if played).

Away Winners.

*Bolton W.

Draw.

*Burnley v. Manchester C. (if played).

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Bury, *Leicester, *S. Shields, Stockport (if played), Bradford C.

Away Winners.

Derby Co. (if played).

DRAWS.

*Barnsley v. Blackpool, *Oldham v. Stoke, Clapton v. Wednesday.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III (Southern).

Home Winners.

Boscombe, *Bristol R., Luton, *Northampton, *Portsmouth, Brentford.

Away Winners.

*Swansea.

Draws.

*Reading v. Queen's Park R.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).

Home Winners.

*Durham, *Grimsby, *New Brighton *Tranmere R., *Halifax (if played).

Away Winners.

Darlington, *Wigan, *Chesterfield.

Draws.

*Accrington v. Bradford, Walsall v. Southport.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Amazing Cup Final

IT is incredible that the Exhibition authorities have decided that admission to the terraces at the Wembley Stadium on Cup Final day will be given only to ticket-holders. This is dead against public opinion, and while the Football Association has concurred, it is obvious that the ruling body has done so with reluctance.

A fair allocation of tickets is not only impossible, but it is a tradition with the Cup Final of "First come, first served." There has never been a more unpopular move in sport than this, and the football public is having bitter things to say about it.

No "Scenes."

The new scheme has been devised by the authorities in order to prevent "scenes" of the character of last Cup Final day, but they have only succeeded in rousing the anger of the public.

Scenes such as occurred on that fateful day are easily obviated. There was no necessity to bring forward such a palpably weak and unfair method of admission. Apparently Wembley is always going to be associated with blunders.

What of the Provinces?

It is of the provinces we are thinking. Who knows at the present time what two teams will face each other at Wembley? We are buying tickets for a pig in a poke! The Cup finalists may both come from towns in the provinces, and only after the semi-final will thousands of people in these towns went to buy tickets to see their favourites. They are not going to buy them now on a 16 to 1 chance!

Is allowance being made for this? Cannot a certain number of tickets be left in reserve at least until the actual Cup Final fighters are known? The authorities can yet save their faces. Can we look to them to do it, or will they go on Wembleying to the end?

Brighton Another Cardiff.

The bigger clubs have dodged one another in the third round of the Cup to a greater extent than any of them could have hoped for. I shall have the opportunity next week of dealing fully with the ties, but a few observations now are appropriate enough.

The advance of Brighton will not surprise readers of JOHN BULL. It was early in the season that I maintained that they were a better side than many of the First Division teams. Old inhabitants say that better elevens than Everton have failed to touch their normal form on the pretty little ground at Hove, but it is not the climate which is pushing Brighton along or handicapping their opponents; it is the clever football they are playing at a fast pace. In fact, except in defence, Brighton are another Cardiff.

Doubles

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Boddam.—The son of Ultimus was very unlucky to be beaten by Son o' Love at Sandown. Halfway up the straight he was shut in by the winner and Tomahawk and Escott had to pull him round to the outside. Boddam is a very useful hurdler and will probably pop up first next time out.

Pickwell.—Will be winning again very soon at one of the northern or midland meetings. He was a red-hot favourite at Haydock, and but for a tumble at the last jump, would have won easily.

Mount Etna.—I am still on the look-out for this one. He came over from Ireland with a big reputation and is sheltered in Whitaker's stable. Don't miss him.

Ascham.—This gelding is a good one in second-class company, and should always be backed each way. In running second to Stuff Gown at Haydock he put up a splendid performance. He has been behind Stuff Gown before this season. Also second to Mitchells. In his own class he won at 10 to 1. Put his name down in your note-book.

Royal Edgar.—Should have won at Sandown Park. Two fences from home he had the Epsom 'Chase at his mercy, when he was carried out by a riderless horse. This was particularly hard lines for his connections as they piled on the money. I should back Royal Edgar at his next attempt.

Dunedry.—Spittle's chaser ran well at Haydock but was beaten by a good "National" outsider, Ballinode. He had some good horses behind him and should be followed.

Redmer.—Take no notice of Redmer's performance in the Four Year Old Hurdle at Gatwick. She was badly crossed in the early stages of the race and never really recovered.

Pam Nut.—Put up a great show at Warwick when running Rockmeadow to half a length. I think if the jockeys had been reversed Pam Nut would have won. He is a splendid stayer and will soon be returned a winner.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News.*

P	A	I	C	L	F	G	X	2
M	K	B	Z	7	T	U	3	00
8	5	V	W	S	Y	R	J	
MM	LL	E	H	O	N	Q	D	

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be. F K T T N F G O would read TAFFY-TUS.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from February 18 to February 19 inclusive.

Lovely Bird.—This gelding has only scored once this season, but he has always been thereabouts. He will be winning at one of the southern meetings before long.

Declare's Hope.—Is now in Poole's stable and the Lewes trainer will soon get a race out of him. Back him each way in his next engagement, probably a selling hurdle race.

Old Nic.—Money was poured on to this fellow at Sandown and he rewarded his backers by beating Battle Cruiser and All Away cleverly. If Old Nic is not put on the shelf for the Lincoln he will win several hurdle races in the near future.

Bonnie Race.—Could not cope with Hungarian at Chelmsford, but he is improving with every race.

"SILVER RING."

Blunder

Foolish decision which means that people are asked to buy a pig in a poke.

This Week's List.

It seems to me that in the First Division of the League this week-end not more than a couple, and probably only one, team will win away from home. This is Aston Villa, who are now at their best and who I fancy for both points at Highbury. Still, there should be a few drawn games. Cardiff, Preston, Sheffield United and Newcastle may be the visiting sides concerned in these. Home winners I think are Bolton, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester City and Sunderland.

In the Second Division there may be also several home winners, viz., Blackpool, the Palace, Derby County, Wednesday, Southampton and Stoke. This does not leave many points for the visitors, but Bury may get two at Nelson, Leeds United one at Bristol, Leicester one at Coventry, and Shields one at Hull.

The best team in the Scottish League to take to win away is Airdrie, who will, I think, beat Clydebank. Celtic, Hibernians, Raith Rovers, Rangers and Third Lanark can be expected to win at home, which leaves Ayr v. Partick, Hamilton v. Hearts, and St. Mirren v. Motherwell as drawn games.

Coups.

Seven Home.—Bolton, Everton, Blackpool, Southampton, Chesterfield, Swansea, Swindon.

Three Away.—Aston Villa, Brighton, Airdrieonians.

A Clever Winger.

Sam Chedgzoy, the Everton outside right, is getting towards the back-end of his career as this is his thirteenth year with the Lancashire club. Not all of this term, however, has been spent with the first team. They usually know a footballer at Goodison Park, but for some reason the talent of Sam did not immediately strike the management, and he had been with Everton three years before he got a regular place.

L.D

It was not until after the war, however, that Chedgzoy really came into the lime-light. In the meantime he had been with the Scots Guards and won the 100 yards and 440 yards regimental championships.

In 1920 all the football world was talking of his brilliance and in a couple of seasons Chedgzoy had played against Wales, Ireland and Scotland. Chedgzoy, who is a native of Ellesmere Port, on the Mersey, is ideally built for speed.

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From your chemists get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength), take this home and add to it one half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Under its healing, soothing influence chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. When Parmint is taken in this way it clings to your throat as you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film over the sore, inflamed membranes and brings instant relief. If someone in your family is suffering with a cold, influenza, or a deep-seated cough, they should try this prescription at once. There is nothing better.

Don't Neglect a Cold

Mothers, don't let colds settle. At the first cough or sneeze, rub Musterole on the throat and chest.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It draws out congestion, relieves soreness, does all the work of the good old-fashioned mustard plaster in a gentler way, without the blister.

Keep a jar handy. It may prevent pneumonia in your home.

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Our Letter Parliament

Wolves and the Lambs

Our Readers Air their Views on Profiteering and Other Subjects

Bloodsuckers.

Your article on "Wolves in the High Street" emphasises once more the necessity for some form of resistance to the profiteer. It is terrible that, so long after the war, prices should be so far above pre-war levels, while wages have been dropping in the last two years. Major Foote has got in a first blow at the middlemen blood-suckers. Is there any organised form in which housewives could follow this up? If not, there should be.—*Mrs. K. L., Glasgow.*

Will Labour Act?

Perhaps now that we have a Labour Government some definite steps will be taken to stop the wholesale profiteering that you have exposed. The Government has the interest of the people at heart, and we may now see some action. I can corroborate most of what your contributor says. In many cases food is held back so that prices will purposely rise, and sometimes large stocks of food have been allowed to go to waste.—*J. King.*

Only the Poor.

Major Hammond Foote has certainly hit the nail on the head. I have experienced this business myself. Only this week I paid 8s. 6d. for a bag of coal; last week I paid 2s. 7d. One shopkeeper is charging 8d. each for an egg, while others are charging only 2½d. each. I bought some potatoes 1s. 4d. a stone, and when I got outside I noticed the same potatoes marked 1s. 0d. a stone. The merchant had just changed the ticket! Surely these profiteers will be brought to book, as it is the poor who suffer every time.—*Reader, Scarborough.*

Hurting the Babies.

How much longer is Britain going to be in the power of the profiteering middlemen? Surely it is time that something was done to bring prices down to pre-war levels and to give our people a chance of buying the necessities of life. Our children are suffering because of these terrible prices. In many cases poor people are buying cheap substitutes of nourishing foods, with ill consequences to the consumer. Your articles on food poisoning revealed that. Let us end this profiteering tragedy.—*William Halton, Plaistow.*

The Grab-Alls!

Your article is a crushing indictment of the greed of middlemen. To obtain the custom of these profiteers, manufacturers and producers must, of necessity, cut down their production and overhead charges to the very minimum. As a cost accountant, I have taken particular note of the enormous percentage of additional charges that go to make up the retail price of a commodity. The present Government, to succeed, must take the matter in hand as seriously as it is regarded by the victim of this vicious system—the housewife.—*A. M. K.*

Traders Will Tell You.

Major Foote's article touches on a matter of great interest. Where the article deals with the distribution of food it displays an astonishing ignorance of the facts of the situation. The article refers in glowing terms to the period of Government control of food supplies. Under control the small margin of profit allowed was far in excess of that ruling to-day when prices are determined by the very severe competition between traders who distribute the absolute necessities of life to the people. Any person in the trade will confirm this.—"*Fairation*," *Manchester.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

One of the Wolves!

I was surprised to read your article on profiteering, and I wish to state that you have been deceived by the coal figures. I am one of the *robbers* the writer speaks of—a coal dealer. Best house coal in the Cannock Chase area is from 33s. upwards per ton at the pit head, add wagon hire and railway rate—it is 36s. at Walsall station before we touch it. It is retailed in 1-cwt. sacks at 43s. 4d. to 45s. per ton. Is this *blood-sucking?* There is no coal on the Chase at 23s. fit for household consumption, as the above figures will prove. There are no "rings" in our line of business and competition is too keen for anyone to profiteer.—*R. Fisher, Walsall.*

Points from Other Letters

It is nothing short of scandalous that such wholesale robbery should have been allowed to grow up unchecked in our midst, and the new Government will be doing the nation a great service by dealing a smashing blow at the various "rings" and "trusts."—*H. E. B.*

. . .

This present-day scandal, which threatens to wreck and reduce to ruins the retail market in this country, must be eradicated. The vice-like grip of these "wolves" must be broken, or else the total strangulation of our retail market will be a tragedy of the near future.—*L. J. S., Liverpool.*

. . .

If we were to ration ourselves one-third of what we were rationed during the war, the middleman would be in our hands. Instead, we go sadly on, enduring weakly. The American housewife scores over the British in the fact that she arranges a price where the latter pays, her pride predominating. —*Sartor, S. Wales.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HOME COMPANION":—"The triumphant LOOK in his VOICE made Tess tell herself she hated him."

"DAILY RECORD" (advert.):—"One seal musquash coat, 40 GNS., with Skunk Collar and Cuffs. WORTH 6 GNS."

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"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"Her hand rose TO A POINT, as it did when she was annoyed."

"ZAMBUK CALENDAR":—"Make children's garments INFLAMMABLE by rinsing them in alum-water."

"STATESMAN" (India):—"The station master kept a close watch on him and later found him SITTING ON HIS KNEES between two railway lines."

"Official Boy Stealers."

Governments may come and Governments may go, but the line of red tape goes on for ever. When it reaches such a stage that, because a boy has served four years on a training ship, his father is no longer allowed to act as guardian, and therefore cannot place his son in a career other than that of drummer boy in the Army, it is time these muddlers of the War Office were put in their place. Your exposure might help.—*A. L. S.*

Clean Up the Game.

The war must have imbued many with that belligerent spirit so often seen at football matches. At the least incentive spectators clamber on to the ground to attack the referee, who is not safe even among the players. This, and betting on matches, is making the game a farce. The Football Association should start an offensive against this, and deal severely with players who do not play the game. And if the police dealt properly with spectators, this would go a long way to help.—*Stanley Wilson, Belfast.*

Savings Certificates.

Is it not possible to devise some more expeditious method for the repayment of National Savings Certificates? Here are two instances of delay of which I have been the victim. (1) Repayment form posted here at midday on Wednesday, returned to me completed at 5 o'clock on the following Tuesday. (2) Repayment form containing mistake in figures posted on January 11; duplicate and corrected form sent on January 18; completed form not yet reached me. Surely some quicker method could be found.—*H. S. B., Edinburgh.*

Poincaré Reaping.

A reader takes exception to a statement of mine regarding the attitude of French people to Poincaré's madness. He speaks as one who has visited France. I spoke as a Frenchman who fought for France all through the war. I say that, in his policy of drifting apart from Britain, and in his eagerness to crush Germany, Poincaré has not real French opinion behind him. He will shortly reap what he has sown. The French people, much as they want to make Germany pay, are not prepared to lose a valuable ally.—*Leon Poirel, S.S. 37.*

The Welsh Desert.

Not content with the failure of Local Veto in Scotland to achieve the object for which it was introduced, I see that the Pussyfoots are trying to get Parliament to extend its operations to Wales. The Local Veto people claim that their proposal is a democratic one. But freedom, if it means anything, means choice. Freedom in religion means freedom to be a Methodist, Catholic, or anything else. Freedom to drink means freedom not to drink, but Local Veto is a denial of freedom.—*E. Russell, Bethnal Green.*

The Cat and the Mouse.

Your articles, "Borstal from Within" and "Justice Hits Below the Belt," prove to the hilt how incongruous is the administration of the law. The former shows how an endeavour is made—totally impracticable—to improve the conception of civic responsibility among the misguided youths. The latter shows how futile, in the eyes of the law, is the endeavour of an "unfortunate" to make good, presumably on the principles laid down by the Borstal System. Mankind needs a just law tempered with mercy, and not the eternal policy of "The Cat and the Mouse."—*W. W. W.*

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Design for Chair with Adjustable Seat Back from "Practical Woodworker," p. 576.

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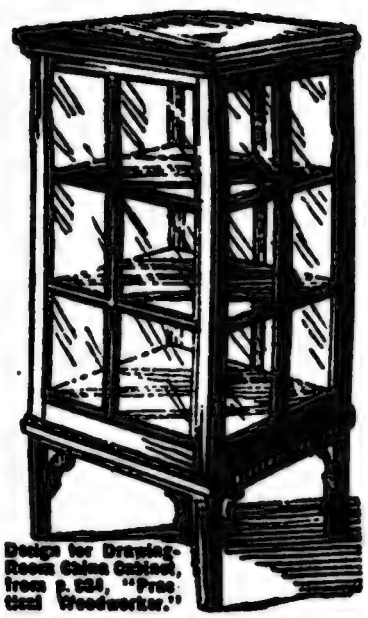

Design for Draping-Room China Cabinet, from p. 624, "Practical Woodworker."

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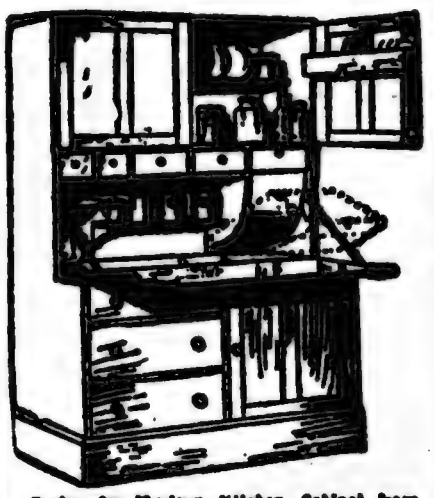

Design for Modern Kitchen Cabinet from "The Practical Woodworker," page 760.

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Read how numbers of women regularly earn from £3 to £5 by knitting at home

Mrs. D. BALDY writes:

"The articles I knit on the machine are so very neat. Once you show the work, such as socks, stockings, vests, combinations, gaiters, children's hats, jumpers, and all ladies' and gentlemen's woollens, you are then soon overflowing with private orders, which bring in from £3 to £5 weekly quite easily."

From Mrs. A. H. TOLLINGTON.

"The machine is very easy to work, and results are quickly accomplished. I am not an expert, but I can easily make four pairs of ladies' stockings in 2½ hours, with a clear profit of 1/6 per pair. Working 5 hours a day for 5 days, the amount earned would be £3 per week."

Miss H. FISHER writes:

"As an expert hand-knitter I have taken first-class prizes. I find that my customers prefer machine-knitted goods to hand-made. I can honestly say that in the long business experience I have had I never made a more profitable investment in my life then when I purchased the machine."

The Golden Fleece Home Knitting Machine is a neat and handy invention that enables you to knit socks, jumpers, coats, gloves, etc., at amazing speed. When you buy YOUR Golden Fleece Machine you will not only receive free tuition from us, but also a legal GUARANTEE THAT WE WILL BUY YOUR WORK and supply you with replacement wool free. This means that there will never be any possible doubt as to you obtaining a ready sale for your work. Soon you will find that a steady stream of orders pours in upon you for the delightful articles that only take an hour or two to knit. Learn how you can make money and supply your family with knitted goods. Learn how to increase your income, learn how we buy your work until you care to dispose of it elsewhere. Fill in this coupon to-day. It will bring you by return a book on home knitting that tells you all you want to know about the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. It will give you extracts from the letters of women who are making an income equal to that of their husbands without leaving home. It will tell you how to take the first step towards a new life—for that's what an increased income means.

This Coupon is for YOUR use, and it does not commit you in any way. Use it—NOW.

"John Bull" Coupon.

To the
SOUTH BRITISH MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd., Dept. 622.
91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me your illustrated booklet on Home Knitting. I enclose 1d. stamp to cover postage. This does not place me under any obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B., Feb. 16, 1924.

Dr. Burchardi the Lifegiver

(2)

In a former issue of JOHN BULL I detailed the state of my health when I ran across Dr. Burchardi of 27, New Cavendish St., London, W., in February 1923. It will suffice, if I now state that I do not think I should be on this planet at the present time if it had not been for that meeting and the operation that followed, for I was as nearly "down and out" as a man could be and exist, and life had become pretty nearly too heavy a cross to be borne. I had intended in this second article to outline the exact nature of the wonderfully successful operation that the great scientist performed upon the 23rd of February last, but upon mature consideration it seems to me that such a description would be hardly fair to Dr. Burchardi, who is surely entitled to his own professional secrets which are the outcome of a lifetime of practice.

The name of Burchardi will live in the world's history, when the names of contemporary statesmen, warriors and literary geniuses are forgotten. This man, whose name is already written upon the scroll of fame and acknowledged amongst the world's truly great, lives for science, and by the fruits of his long years of research and patient labours I count it no mean honour to be permitted to write concerning them, after having submitted myself to the acid test of personal experience.

Of great soldiers, sailors and statesmen, I have written much, and my public know that I am not the man to put the name I have wrought a life-time to win to a thing that is false, or will not bear the closest analysis, and this I now say upon my honour as a man, that the Burchardi operation succeeded in my case beyond my wildest hopes; no gas or chloroform was used, only a local anæsthetic and I felt not one atom of pain or inconvenience, nor was there any shock at the time, or after.

Within a few weeks I was hard at work writing another novel; within a month I was in the saddle full of the joy of having a good horse under me once again. If anyone suggests I am writing this for money, well, they do not know me, that is all. I am simply paying a humble tribute to one of the world's most eminent scientists, who conferred upon me the greatest of all blessings; and true to the great breed I spring from, I am grateful; and according to my creed, a man who is afraid to express his gratitude is a man without a soul not worth saving, and scarce worth damning.

A. G. HALES.

FREE TRIAL OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

Great Discovery by London Manufacturing Chemists—Thousands Cured—Prescribed and Recommended by over 300 Doctors.

A Famous Discovery.

This simple home treatment is working miracles every day. CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear—vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers from

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT SCIATICA, NEURITIS

Its action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

SEND FOR TRIAL PACKAGE
NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Fill in and post the coupon AT ONCE. You will then receive a generous trial treatment, together with useful book telling how CURICONES were discovered, and how a London Manufacturing Chemist cured his wife of Rheumatoid-Arthritis—the most chronic of all Rheumatic ailments—by this simple home treatment after everything else had failed. Over 300 doctors have given CURICONES their warm approval, and are now recommending them as a quick, safe, and easy cure for all Rheumatic ailments.

Here are a few of the thousands of unsolicited Testimonials received.

Drs. D.... and B.... write: "Pleased to say Curicones have given good results."

Dr. J. M. D.: "Have used Curicones in a case of Chronic Arthritis—they have given great relief."

Dr. B. . . . : "Send 500 Curicones to-night certain. They are excellent."

Dr. M. . . . : "Enclose cheque for Curicones for my daughter. I am so much better, and I want her to try them. They are invaluable."

This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TO-DAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

.....FREE TREATMENT COUPON.....

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

AILMENT .....

Address Envelope to

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., Ltd.,
Manufacturing Chemists & Druggists,
Dept. R.A.4, 19-21, FARRINGDON STREET
LONDON, E.C.4.

Motoring for the Million.

The Petrol Ramp

by MOTOMAC

IT is either too late or too early to talk about the Petrol ramp, but now is a good time to point the moral; and that is never allow the supplies of things in daily use to become monopolised. In future if a new petrol company offers you decent spirit at under trust prices encourage them by giving them business. If necessary take it in barrel and apply for licence to store. Competition must be encouraged, especially when judged by American pitiful prices there is quite a good margin.

There is still time to keep alive a few of the companies who tried to make a living outside the ring; and in country districts motorists can be encouraged to co-operate and buy in bulk.

I quite realise the service which the big distributing companies have done; it is quite certain that they will still do the bulk of the trade, but we must have an alternative source of supply, otherwise they may one day extract too big a price for the service rendered.

* * * *

A FEW weeks back we stated in error that the 10 Singer was a side-valve engine. Of course every motorist knows that the present "ten" has an overhead valve engine. Here is the chance which I had to forgo then, of saying something about their Weymann saloon bodies. There is no question that closed bodies are the thing, and will be more so as time goes on, and there is no doubt that the Weymann body is just what was wanted for a light car. Absolutely free from rattle, very light, easy to clean and repair, they have solved the difficulty of the cheap saloon. The Singer 10 h.p. Weymann saloon is listed at £275.

* * * *

IT is not wise to delay the purchase of this or any other popular light car. Many of our manufacturers have been producing and selling at very close margins. Raw materials are up in price, wages may follow, at any rate ought to, and as soon as the makers get busy, they are bound to look for a little profit. I think it quite safe to prophesy advances.

* * *

One of the cars which caused great comment in Glasgow was the "Overland de luxe Model."

We have already mentioned the standard model in these articles, but the de luxe model is evidently somebody's pet; nothing else could account for the care to get things just so. All the extras we used to pay for are provided free. Rear wind-screen, luggage carrier, driving mirror. Though the car is not given to overheating, a Boyce motor is provided.

The all-weather equipment is good, and when not in use is comfortably stored behind the rear seat; incidentally the rear seat and squabs are removable, so that luggage or other goods can be carried without damage to the upholstery.

The controls have been put on a good-sized quadrant on the steering-column, which is an improvement on the old model. Under the seat will be found a receptacle divided for petrol can, oil-can and other; it is one of the fitments they make no fuss about, and yet really the most important, for a spare can of petrol can be the greatest nuisance if you have no place for it, and it is always ugly on the running board.

One really wonders how it can be done for £295. British built.

* *

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2.

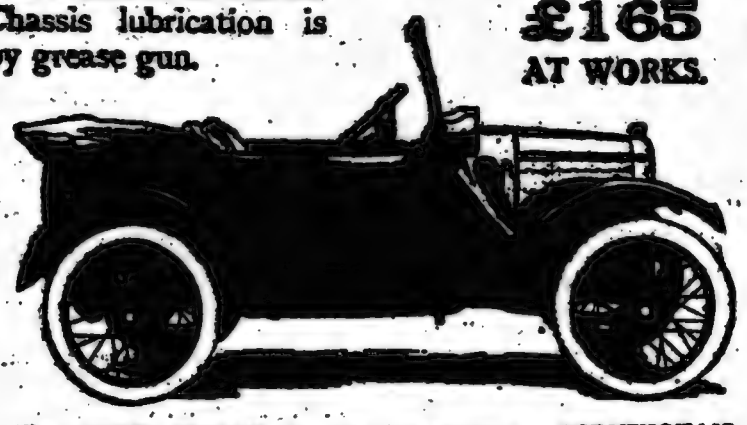
Write for → Pub. 393.

MOTORING AT TRAM FARE

The Austin Seven

Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting, *starter* and horn, and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is water-cooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun.

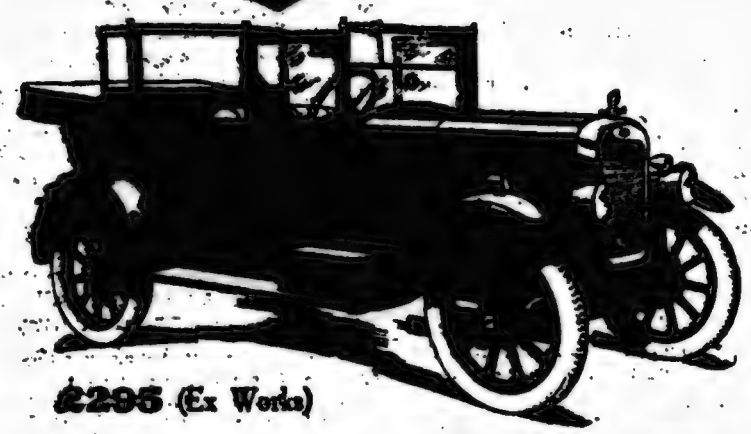
£165 AT WORKS.



The AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, nr. BIRMINGHAM

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (*near Marble Arch*).

Overland



£295 (Ex Works)

BRITISH BUILT Five-Seater DE LUXE

70 per cent. of this Car is manufactured in BRITAIN and 30 per cent. in Canada.

We have NOT yet increased the price of the Overland, but desire to warn intending buyers that they cannot buy more advantageously than at to-day's prices.

WRITE TO-DAY for Brochure "J.B." giving particulars of the most completely equipped Car on the market.

Magneto ignition fitted as Standard on all models.

FOR RELIABILITY, COMFORT, ECONOMY.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LIMITED

FACTORY AND SALES DEPT., Hamilton Chapel, MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS, 241, Great Portland Street, W.1.
LONDON SERVICE DEPOT, 241, Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.

MAKER TO WEARER CORSET BARGAIN.

A 14/11 Ambron Corset now reduced to 8/11.

THIS new 1924 Model Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset has created an entirely new record in corset sales. It is the finest garment ever designed by experts. This new season's Model is precisely the corset you will revel in wearing. Dainty, delightful, artistic, figure-moulding and comfortable to an exact degree. Just compare the description and my price with the high shop charges and see, not only what unrivalled Value you get, but also what you save.

Sent at once for Deposit of 1/-

Send me the coupon below with Deposit of 1/-, and I will forward this magnificent Model by return, entirely at my risk. If after seeing the Corset, you are perfectly satisfied, then remit me balance of price either in one sum, or 1/- weekly.

Miss CLARICE MAYNE, *the popular favourite, writes*:—"*The Ambron Health Corset is wonderfully well designed in every detail and delightful to wear.*"

This 1924 New Model Ambron Corset is made throughout in Ambron super corset cloth, specially woven. The bust is low, being cut two inches above waist line, thus following the popular vogue. Duplex rust-proof supports, cloth lined, and specially reinforced at ends, wedge shape busk. Four extensible woven lock suspenders, which can be detached. The whole garment is washable without the trouble of removing fastenings, busks or supports.

DIRECT PURCHASE COUPON

By which you get a 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11. Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model, "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are:—

Size of waist ..... Bust ..... Hips .....

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. part postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: / /

Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 30 ins. 1/6 *extra*

JOHN BULL, 16.2.24. No. 409.

Post your Order at once to AMBRON (WILSON), Ltd., 488, Alton House, 79, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

A MESSAGE TO BUSINESS LADIES.

We have an interesting proposal to make to ladies in business and those with a large circle of friends. It is a plan under which you may add materially to your income without capital outlay and in an easy and pleasant way. For full particulars write:—General Agency Manager, Ambron (Wilson), Ltd., 79, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra

"*The sweets of life!*"

SHARP'S SUPER KREEM TOFFEE

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. *See page 21.*

S. B. (Blackpool).—"Woman is a conundrum." And yet it is hard to give her up!

A. B. (Fairford).—"What is a Spoonerism?" A moke in which the jetters are lixed.

R. W. W. (Marton).—"Some comedians make their own jokes." Henry Ford, for instance.

P. D. (Finsbury).—"Piccadilly is the hub of the universe." And Westminster is the hub-bub.

F. F. (Harrow).—"Really serious crime is vanishing." What about "Yes, we have no bananas"?

M. D. (Carlisle).—"Is there much whisky in America?" Plenty, but it's illicit still.

T. T. (Southend).—"I always sing in my bath." Perhaps you feel safer when the door is locked.

N. O. (Leeds).—"How can I get my own back?" Go to Uncle with the money and the ticket.

P. B. H. (Martin Mill).—"There is a tree-stump in my allotment which defies all my attempts to shift it." Blast it!

S. D. (Marlsford).—"My new house is so small that my pictures won't fit in it." Never mind. Frame your cigarette cards.

J. B. (Guildford).—"There are only eight ladies in the House." Yes; but many of the remaining members are old women.

U. M. (Birmingham).—"There are two distinct classes of opera-goers." The fortunate who go, and the unfortunate who are taken.

S. K. (Frinton).—"I am twenty-five and have never had a doctor in my life." We'll wager you had one twenty-five years ago.

L. S. (Shap).—"Talking pictures will soon be as common as flies." It all depends whether you mean in summertime or wintertime.

E. G. S. (Brighton).—"Girls cannot put up with the monotony of domestic service." And yet from our experience we should say it is full of "breaks."

G. A. (Bembridge, I.O.W.).—"It is a splendid thing to be continuously wrestling with a tough job." Personally we prefer to change our butcher.

M. K. (Evesham).—"I do not intend to bore you with a long letter." Alas! How often the best intentions fail to achieve their desire.

LL. H. (Finsbury Park).—"Three farces in one week were produced in London recently." But we don't suppose any of them will run longer than the housing question.

G. Y. (Cardiff).—"Life is much too long." Only when too much of it is spent in longing!

D. B. (Bloomsbury).—"Courtesy costs nothing." Which explains why the real snob despises it.

"CANDID" (Cheltenham).—"Some of your criticisms cut like a knife." But we always use the stainless variety.

F. B. (Dawlish).—"What won the Derby three years ago?" Humorist. But not everyone laughed.

D. E. (Exeter).—"I don't think sports should be taxed." And so far as we know neither does anyone else.

L. G. (Ryton)—"The Labour Party is greatly in need of men who know how to use a duster." Right, we'll lend them ours.

A. E. (Howden).—"I take this opportunity to ask you a few questions." Fourteen foolscap pages don't strike us as "few"!

A. C. N. (Hounslow).—"I don't believe in beating about the bush." You've knocked it about pretty badly for ten pages at any rate.

J. E. S. (Manor Park).—"Women's present-day evening dress to me is laughable." Which seems to prove that brevity *is* the soul of wit.

B. S. T. (Bristol).—"It is the pretty girl of the family who has to be looked after most carefully." And the prettier she is the more she is looked after.

S. B. (Didsbury).—"Some of the fellows I know commence work at four in the morning." Surely, they must be knocked up before they start.

E. J. (Ingatestone).—"It seems likely that civilisation will not recover from the next war." Not if it comes while we are still only convalescent after the present Peace.

B. J. (Bungay).—"Labour must have no fusion with other parties." No, but they must study carefully the pros and cons or it may result in a pro-fusion of con-fusion.

A. M. (Stortford).—"The existence of 2,000,000 more women than men gives one much serious thought." It's all right as long as the wife does not catch you thinking about it!

J. McD. (Paisley).—"Cigarette smoking is not so popular in Scotland as it is in the South." Possibly because Scotsmen have always exhibited a distinct preference for their "pipes."

W. F. M. (Salford).—"Let every man stick to his own line." So long as it's a straight line——— Yes!

S. R. (Stockingford).—"After all, poverty is not a sin." That is so, but, unfortunately, it is the cause of many.

S. S. (Golders Green).—"I have bought my wife a new flower for her hat." Why don't you buy a new ribbon for your typewriter?

L. G. (Mitcham).—"This country has a fine past behind it which we're proud of." And the glorious future in front—which we're glad of.

T. W. (Cork).—"Is one ever justified in breaking an engagement?" Naturally, if that is the only way to repair the error of having entered into it.

Miss H. (Canterbury).—"Is a railway engine masculine or feminine?" The former, we should imagine. It generally goes about with heavy pants.

P. K. J. (Aberdeen).—"We will stand anything these days." Rightly or wrongly, residents of your city have the reputation of standing nothing.

B. M. (Biggleswade).—"We Englishmen must stand up for ourselves." With the kind permission of the Railway Companies we do.

F. T. (Yarmouth).—"Don't you think husbands and wives ought to be able to get away from each other sometimes?" We can't say we have noticed any special difficulty.

"SOCIALIST" (New Cross).—"This Government may be the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth." If given the latter we shall be content to wait for the other.

J. J. (Manchester).—"How can we reduce the income-tax?" That's just the trouble. We generally do! If we all paid what we ought to, the tax would reduce itself.

R. T. (Handsworth).—"It seems to me that nowadays it is the young people who have all the sense." Then judging by your letter you should be numbered among the oldest inhabitants.

B. J. (Southsea).—"Young people should get to know each other properly before getting married, and consequently I believe in long engagements." They're not so long married then anyhow.

Mrs. G. L. (Romford).—"Competing in *Bullets* has given me a new interest in life." And a good *Bullet* this week will give you some new capital, too.

C. A. (Coombe Martin).—"Do you believe in emigration?" For some, emphatically.

C. C. A. (Newport).—"The important thing in life is always to stick to principle." And not lose interest.

V. W. H. (Leicester).—"No one of the senses matter more than the other." And that's common-sense.

S. D. (Lewisham).—"I notice many of our politicians have double chins." And still more have double tongues.

PAT (Glastonbury).—"In an argument I can usually keep my end up." The great thing is to keep your temper down.

D. F. (Settle).—"In spite of all I've written I've still got an open mind." We advise you to have it closed for repairs.

E. G. (Hartlepool).—"A married man has no reason to envy the bachelor, when all's said and done." But is all ever said or done?

T. E. (Horton).—"You can take it from me that you're all wrong." For fabricating terminological inexactitudes you have no equal.

G. J. B. (Sale).—"I would like to know what view you take of Socialism." Full length, lens well open, time exposure—no snapshots.

F. I. (Arundel).—"I don't see why I should darn my husband's socks." But you would not like to see any other woman doing it.

L. D. (Dartford).—"What are the M.P.s doing who do not attend the House?" Preparing their promises for the next election.

W. W. (Bath).—"I have never broken a single resolution in the whole of my life." Have you ever resolved to stick strictly to the truth?

A. M. (York).—"Amateur poets are a nuisance, nevertheless, I venture to submit this little effort." Clearly, my dear Watson, Spring is coming.

B. W. D. (Ewell).—"At one of the big railway canteens over four hundred sit down to dinner at one time." It must be a busy time for the plate-layers.

C. T. H. (Swindon).—"I have reached the conclusion that honesty doesn't pay." When you have returned to sanity, we will be glad to hear from you again.

M. O. (Windsor).—"I could get witnesses to my story if I liked." Which would certainly lend an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and incredible narrative.

P. L. (Portsmouth).—"The British public is very unenlightened on the subject of Economics." Engaged couples particularly seem to be content to remain in the dark.

L. J. K. (Norwich).—"The successful man is he who puts his whole heart into everything he does." Whereas the other fellow usually messes things up by putting his foot in it.

WALTER F. (Hove).—"Parents should allow their children a certain amount of rope." Children should not respond, though, by having their parents on a piece of string.

L. H. T. (Hoylake).—"A lot of nonsense is talked about character reading, but it is impossible to tell a fool by his looks." To our mind it's impossible to tell a fool anything.

A. K. (Lincoln).—"No matter how some people may scoff it is quite possible to live on a diet consisting entirely of nuts." Certainly some of our music-hall comics seem to do well on chestnuts.

D. E. (Tadcaster).—"I see you are trying to draw the eye of the Law to the British Fascisti. Beware!" In reply to which kindly picture us putting the metaphorical thumb to the allegorical nose.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

Straight from the Shoulder

BEN TILLETT:—*If a transport strike takes place it will be a national movement organised to the last man.*

And the last man to exist on strike pay like his men will be—Ben Tillett!

* * *

SIR RONALD ROSS:—The more terrible the weapon the shorter the war.

And the greater the temptation to use it. Scientists have the matter in their own hands, and they carry a terrible responsibility.

* * *

C. T. CRAMP:—The railway strike made it patent that sectionalism is a failure.

True; but it made it still more patent that the strike weapon is a failure.

DEAN INGE:—There is not, and never will be, work for 48 millions in these islands.

It is the hopeless brain-poverty of you and your kind that gives revolution fresh hope every time you speak.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.P.:—There must always be reserves of Labour available.

"There must always be unemployed available." That's what you mean: how do you like it now you see it in print?

* * *

C. G. ARMON, M.P.:—We have no right to talk about politics being a dirty business.

There are none so blind as those who won't see. Idealists are always prone to ignore facts.

4 PATTERNS GIVEN *Free* INSIDE

Woman's Dread of the Future

OLD age must come. The fear of it stands like a grim bogey hand in hand with loneliness. "Some day I shall be old." "Some day I may be all alone." Every woman who has no settled income thinks those two thoughts, and her mind wanders disconsolately to the future.

Thousands of women neither earn enough nor have husbands who can earn enough to save for the "rainy day." Yet old age must come, and old age in poverty strikes terror to a woman's heart. All you who feel the insecurity of the future, listen!

Suppose you woke up to-morrow and heard that an income of £3 a week for life was yours. How you'd laugh at the bogey of old age then! Fears would disperse, grey thoughts would turn to gold, because you would know that your future was safe. Some woman is going to wake up one morning this year to that glad knowledge. It may be you.

Get No. 1 of this great new story paper and enter to-day for the

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE

Given in a simple, 10-week, Picture Contest.

WOMAN'S FRIEND

NOW ON SALE 2D

When diluted to accord with the
MINISTRY OF HEALTH REGULATIONS

NESTLÉ'S MILK

IS 20% RICHER IN CREAM

than the legal standard for ordinary dairy milk. Thus, besides the advantage of being ABSOLUTELY PURE AND CLEAN, Nestlé's is also a better Milk.

If Unsweetened preferred get IDEAL MILK

COMFORT

The "Terry" Spring Seat Saddle

Patented at Home and Abroad.

gives more riding comfort than any saddle yet invented. It is a cushion of springs, which shapes itself to the rider's body, and ends all discomforts usually experienced by cyclists, motor-cyclists and pillion riders.

Cycle Saddles, Lady's or Gent's, 25s. each.
Motor-cycle Saddle, Heavy-weight, 59s. 6d.; Light-weight, 54s. 6d. List free.

TERRY

Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd., *Manufacturers*, Redditch, England. Estab. 1855.

An OXO a day keeps illness at bay

JUNO

CYCLES from

2/6

WEEKLY.

Cash from £4 : 15 : 0.

We offer amazing value, and will send a superb "JUNO SPECIAL" on payment of 10s. deposit only, money returned if not satisfied.

British Made.
Carriage Paid.
GUARANTEED

by our 46 years' reputation.

"JUNO" prices save you po unds.

BABY CARS

1/10 WEEKLY

CASH from £2 : 19 : 6

Give your baby "JUNO" comfort. Handsome easy running "JUNO" sent on payment of small deposit only. Write NOW.

ART LISTS FREE.

Please state if you require Cycle or Baby Car Lists.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co., Ltd.,
163 & 243, Blst o ygate, LONDON, E.C.2.

The Greatest Plant Sale of the Year.

WATERER'S SIXPENNY CLEARANCE SALE

of 1,000,000 HARDY PERENNIAL and ALPINE PLANTS for Rockeries and Borders, all to flower this year. Special carriage-paid bargains.

Write at once for Sale Catalogue, post free.

JOHN WATERER, SONS & CRISP, Ltd.,
Department J.B.,
TWYFORD . . . . . BERKS.

THAT GARDEN OF YOURS

can be made as lovely and as profitable as the one you have so often admired if you sow only plainly GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS. The same labour, the same tools, the same manures—WITH OUR GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS ADDED—will yield for you an infinitely better garden than ever before. Send a postcard to-day for our 160-page beautifully illustrated FREE GUIDE TO GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS.

Address us personally
TOOGOOD & SONS, Ltd.
Seedsmen to H.M. The King,
SOUTHAMPTON.

DON'T BE GREY

Do you LOOK "just as young as you feel"? Those appearing grey hairs tell their tale. Often they put years that you have not reached on your appearance. Keep your hair the natural colour becoming to your looks.

NOTHING BUT **VANIT** will do this for you effectually and without the slightest harm to the hair. It gives the exact shade required, is not removed even with a DAILY SHAMPOO. Get VANIT and permanent satisfaction at the same time. Thousands have sent testimonials—so will you. Sent by return post, secretly packed P.O. 1/3. Research Druggists, Ltd., 23, Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C. 4.

PROSPECTS IN THE PAWNSHOP

Working Men Workless for Lack of Clothes

THOMAS CARLYLE once silenced a shallow-minded individual who expressed surprise at having seen him standing in a fashionable street in conversation with an acquaintance whose clothes were shabby and worn, by quietly remarking, "I was talking to the man, not to his coat."

The rebuke of the sage is as much deserved to-day as when it was administered half a century ago.

Few things are more painful than to observe the gradual decay in the outward appearance of a worthy man who is stricken with poverty. Strive as he may, he cannot preserve the superficial air of alertness and capability which means so much when he is seeking employment.

Many are the pitiable cases of this kind which are brought to the notice of "The Greatest of These—" Fund. Men appeal to us for help, not only to maintain their families but to restore them to a condition in which they may more hopefully seek work. Here is one:—

"I have been out of work for six months. All our things are in pawn, and in our present state I am not dressed decently enough to interview anyone about a place."

Here is another:—"I have no friends and am down and out. I am not eligible for the dole. I have had to pawn or sell nearly all my clothes to get food and lodging, and now I have nothing left but what I stand up in. Naturally my appearance is against me."

We could multiply these instances many times. Will you help us by your subscriptions to fit such men out so that they may have better prospects of employment?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Old Maid's Mite," 10s.; A. C. (Sparrowham), 5s.; "APPP," 5s.; "Thankoffering, from a Reader," 10s.; "Sailor" (Manchester), £1; "In Memory of Fred, from a Friend," 10s.; "Ex-Gendarme" (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; "From the Aviary," 2s. 6d.; "Amor," 5s.; M. Meah, 2s 6d.; W., £1; "Love One Another," 10s.; Mrs. E. M., 10s.; Julius Burguard, 8d.; "Sub-Postmaster," 4d.; H. B., 6d.; M. C. G., 2s. 3d.; "Too. H. Member," 2s. 6d.; "Edinburgh," parcel; "Stoke," 6d.; E. Wilkinson, 10s.; T. L. (Ireland), 1s.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; E. Griffith, 2s. 6d.; T. L. Skinner, 3s.; W. Skpet, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. Revill, 2s 6d.; E. Purkiss, 7d.; E. S. Harper, 1s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; "Cheerful Ninth," 2s. 3d.; Mr. Parkhurst, 4s.; "Bonzo," 6d.; "In Memory of Annie," 5s.; "Pat," 10s.; Miss Cicognani, parcel; G. Blake, 2s. 6d.; "Lowestoft," 6d.; "Black Watch," 1s.; "Thankful Ninth" (Erith), 3s.; "D.C.M.'s Ninth," 6d.; "Loyal," 6d.; "Cogs," 5s.; E. W. K., 10s.; M. Abbott, 5s.; Mrs. R. T., 2s.; Mrs. H. Stewart, 2s.; A. W. Kempster, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Martin, 2s. 6d.; H. F. Blair, 2s.; M. A. Otter, 2s. 6d.; "Old Fossil," 1s.; C. W. Noad, 6d.; "Kilburn," parcel; "J.11," 6d.; "73501 Stenton," 5s. 10d.; Anon., 6d.; J. A. Mouland, 3s. 3d.; "Punter," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Warden, parcel; "Dittonite," 1s.; W. H. W., 1s. 6d.; Miss M. McMahon, 6d.; "Two Sisters," 6s. 6d.; "With Lyric's Compliments," 2s. 6d.; H. E. T., 1s.; D. C. M., 1s.; "The Greatest of These," 2s.; "Marple Bridge," 8s.; J. Morgan, 7d.; H. J. Spearey, 5s.; "Bill" (North Shields), 1s.; Mrs. F. E. Gray, 2s. 6d.; J. J. Pearcey, 1s.; Mrs. Harris, 2s.; A. Hartwell, 6d.; "Ucalite," 6d.; "The Greatest of These," 6d.; "A Schoolboy's Ninth," 11s. 3d.; E. A. L., 1s. 6d.; A. E. Wardley, 1s.; Anonymous (Notremlig), 6d.; Thomas Edwardes, 10d.; J. Banks, 1s. 7½d.; H. A. Haines, 6d.; "A Thankful One," 6d.; "Servo Pacto," 1s.; W. W. W., 6d.; H. M. M., 6d.; "Gourock," 1s.; Miss A. Dankley, 1s. 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; "Jim," 4s.; Anon., 1s. 8d.

Acknowledged in this week's J.B. (Jan. 26): R. O. Bordhighera, £10.

"Inasmuch," 5s.; "Bullets No. 507," 5s.; H. A. (Stratford), 5s.; "Jumbo," 5s.; A. G. H., 2s. 6d.; "Newcastle-on-Tyne," 1s.; F. Hutter, 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; "Yule 23's Second," 2s. 6d.; "Bullets 508," 5s.; T. E. T. (Harvington), 3s.; Mrs. P. Chamberlain, 5s.; E. C., 6d.; W. O. W. (Sheffield) (acknowledged in J.B., Feb. 2), £5; H. Banks, 2s. 6d.; "For Luck" (Preston), 2s. 3d.; "Black Hole," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Henderson, 1s.; S. P. Cherrett, 6d.; H. P. Seater, 1s.; "Ucalite," 1s.; "Joppa," 7d.; "No Name," 6d.; M. Stuart, 1s.; S. Millett, 1s.; "Househunter," 1s.; G. Hankins, 1s.; B. B. H., 2s.; W., £1; "Amor," 5s.; "In Memory of Annie," 5s.; P. Hughes, 5s.; W. G. Thomas, 5s.; "The Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond," 2s. 6d.; D. B. S. (Salonica), 10s.; "Grateful Lucy," 2s. 6d.; H. F. H., 2s. 10d.; "A Prayer Answered," 1s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.

Many acknowledgments are held over.

"PLEASE INCLUDE THE 'C.J.' IN MY ORDER."

This is the message every "Bullets" Competitor should give to his newsagent. The "C.J."—i.e. THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL—is absolutely invaluable to all who make a hobby of newspaper competitions. It is packed with help, advice, pithy articles and pictures, which will keep your pecker up and help to put you in the prize-lists. ORDER IT TO-DAY.

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Every Saturday, From all Newsagents and Bookstalls.
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LILY BRAZILS

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Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

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is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. *Best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 66, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

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Address.....

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Actual size: Pen 6¼ in. long, Pencil 5¼ in. long.

JOHN BULL'S

2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCILS **FREE**

SEND NO MONEY!

Golden Set No. 1

contains the 5s. "Masterpiece" Lever Filler Pen with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. Equal to pens costing 17/6. Written 2 years' guarantee. With every Pen is presented a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

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contains the same Pen, slightly shorter, and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. Ladies' size with pendant top.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 510.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. WILLIAM FOWLER, 2, Woodside Terrace, Halifax.

Example: THE MAIN OBJECT
Bullet: APPARENTLY ME, CROSSING ROAD.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. E. J. TAYLOR, 4, Alexandra Road, Southampton.
Example:—BEST DOCTOR.
Bullet:—WRECK HE MINDS RECOMMENDS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. L. BARNES, 56/58, Marine, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Example:—LEARNING
Bullet:—RAMSAY—TO ROAR GENTLY.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. EDWARD V. ROSS, 21, Stanhope Street, Levenshulme, Manchester.
Example:—MATTER OF MOMENT
Bullet:—GOVERNMENT NOT "WASTING ONE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. E. L. LAUSTE, 70, Wendell Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.
Example:—MY COMPLAINT
Bullet:—BRAINS RANSACKED—THEN SACKED.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. A. BARRS, School House, Brimpton, Nr. Reading. BRITISH RACE—CHASTISE—THEN SUPPLY EMBROCATION.

Miss P. M. BURLEY, 2, Westbrook Road, Margate. IN PARLIAMENT NOW—MEMBERS' WIVES WATCH "PAIRING."

Mrs. C. M. DOWSE, 19, Furness Road, Harlesden, N.W. WHEN SHE STARTS—IMITATING SERGEANT—I'M DESERTER.

W. LEA, 76, Putney Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. AT THE DOOR—THEN IMAGINE TUMBRILS SOON.

A. TOWNER, 12, Queen's Road, Salisbury. LEARNING—EASIER THAN APPLYING KNOWLEDGE.

W. O. REILLY, 14, Brocklebank Road, London, S.W. WELCOME CHANGE—OFFICE-BOY ATTENDING GRANDFATHER'S WEDDING.

F. POOLE, Vaynor House, Cefn Coed, Merthyr, S. Wales MY FAVOURITE—"ROMPS HOME"—AFTER SCHOOL.

R. HAY, 48, India Street, Edinburgh. MAKES US STARE—FROM RIVIERA, LANDLADY'S KNOCK.

R. K. HALLETT, Smithy Bridge, Lancs. GENTLE HINT—FOOTBALL RULES ON PROGRAMME.

D. DAGNALL, Junr., 63, Broadgreen Road, Old Swan, Liverpool. HER SMILE—WANDERING, SETS ME WONDERING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. FARMER, The Bungalow, Ludgershall, Andover. GETTING THE BOOT—DUSTMAN ONCE—SHOEMAKER NOW.

A. STEVENS, 40, Millward Street, Woolwich Common, S.E. HER SMILE—BEWITCHING—BUT BE WATCHING. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

T. CAMPBELL, 22, McKechnie Street, Govan, Glasgow MY COMPLAINT—WORSE, IF BOSS SYMPATHETIC.

Miss M. BOSWORTH, 26, Lord Haddon Road, Ilkeston, Derbys. OUT OF ORDER—STUNNING SPEAKER WITH MACE.

J. F. LUNDEN, 31, York Place, Edinburgh. BREAKING THE ICE—FOR STAR, STRUGGLING TURN.

D. HOWE, 14, Halstead Street, Oldham. WE DON'T KNOW—LAW, BUT RECOGNISE JUSTICE.

Miss F. S. DUNCAN, Craiglockhart Av., Slateford, Edinburgh. AFTER THE EVENT—"DADDY NEXT BEST THING."

A. E. CARPENTER, c/o Clark, Chemists, High Street, Dorking. A HOME TRUTH—WITHOUT OFFENCE, THAT'S TACT.

JOHN BENNETT, 2, Church Street, Liverpool. WE DON'T KNOW—RISKY LETTING BOSS KNOW.

ROBERT SKELTON, Solway Ironworks, Maryport. SILENT WOMAN—WISHES TILL HUSBAND FED.

106 Prize-winners of £1:

(Continued on page 4)

NEXT WEEK—£1,000 FIRST—AND MORE BIG PRIZES.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 513.

THE ENTENTE
BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT
HOUSING US
CUP OF SORROW
MY BREAKFAST
IN THE NAVY
SORRY AFTER
QUARRELLING
ON GOOD TERMS
SERIOUS BUSINESS
IN RUSSIA
FOR THE PRESENT
DISARMING
HER GRIEVANCE
COOLING DOWN
CRUEL
WORTH A FORTUNE
AFTER THE STORM
GOOD NAME
OLD-FASHIONED
UNWELCOME GUEST
LOST
FIRST DAY
NEW JOB
SEEING HER
NOT OFFICIAL
MIXED GREW
KEEPING SHOP
ASLEEP
IN AND OUT
RED LIGHT
NOT RIPE YET

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 513 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 510 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—WHAT LABOUR WILL DO *Bullet*:—LEAD ON—ON LEAD. *Example*:—MY AMBITION *Bullet*:—ONCE HOLIDAY—NOW WORK. *Example*:—MAKES US THINK *Bullet*:—"SCALES" REMOVED FROM SIGHT. With one coupon send postal order for 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☛ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 513, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, February 21.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(513) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 21.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(513) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 21.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(513) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 21.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(513) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☛ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 514.

RAMSAY'S JOB—LEAP YEAR—GOVERNMENT PROMISES—WHEN BILL ARRIVES—EXTRAVAGANT—A BOSOM DIAMOND—MISSING NEWSPAPER—A WISE WOMAN—JACK JONES—OUT IN THE COLD—ONE TOO MANY—A GOOD HOUSE—FURNISHING—IN THE MORNING—AT THE GLOBE—FIRST WHISPER—SHORT AND SWEET—MY LANDLORD—MAKING A SCENE—WHEN STRIKE STARTS.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 6th. All coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 514 in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 514, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 513.

Skin Suffering at an end

The terrible pain of ulcerous wounds is relieved at once by this wonderful dressing, and permanent healing is assured.

MRS. WADHAM, 11, CATHERINE GROVE, GREENWICH, says :—"I had suffered for years with bad leg. A scratch started the first ulcer, and nothing I used made any improvement. Then I had medical treatment for eighteen months, and was told I must rest the leg or it would never get well. I couldn't do that, so I went on suffering, the trouble spreading all the time till there were more than thirty separate wounds between knee and ankle. The pain was something frightful. I could not rest night nor day for it, and nothing I could get was the slightest use. Then one day a friend told me about Germolene, and I tried it at once. Oh! it was just lovely to feel how it soothed. I continued the dressings, and in a week or two my leg was actually cured. That was a year ago, and still it is sound and well."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for

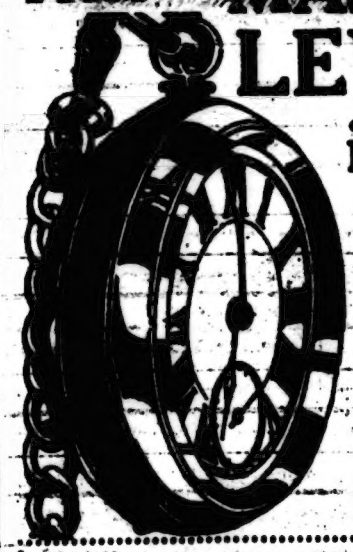
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D



THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every "John Bull" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE Handsome Pocket to Pocket Albert with Seal Attachment FREE with every watch.

So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receipt you send 2s. 6d. more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 2s. each until £3 3s. is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days £2 2s. 6d. only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd.,
DEPT. 336,
94, QUEENS ROAD,
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Still Life and Still Polishing.

PANSHINE makes the kitchen a wonderful example of Brightness. The distinguished work of Panshine is well known to discerning housewives. With the deft touch of an artist it gives brilliant effects to all it cleans. Panshine makes every pot a picture to look at and a pleasure to handle. It cleans painted surfaces and brings out the full beauty of white woodwork.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

A little Panshine—a brisk rub—a smile and a shine—everything cleaned—everybody happy—that's the brilliant idea with Panshine.

Try it for Pots, Pans, Knives, Forks, Spoons. Scrub Floors and Tables with it. Use it for cleaning Paint and Linoleum.

IN PACKETS AND SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS

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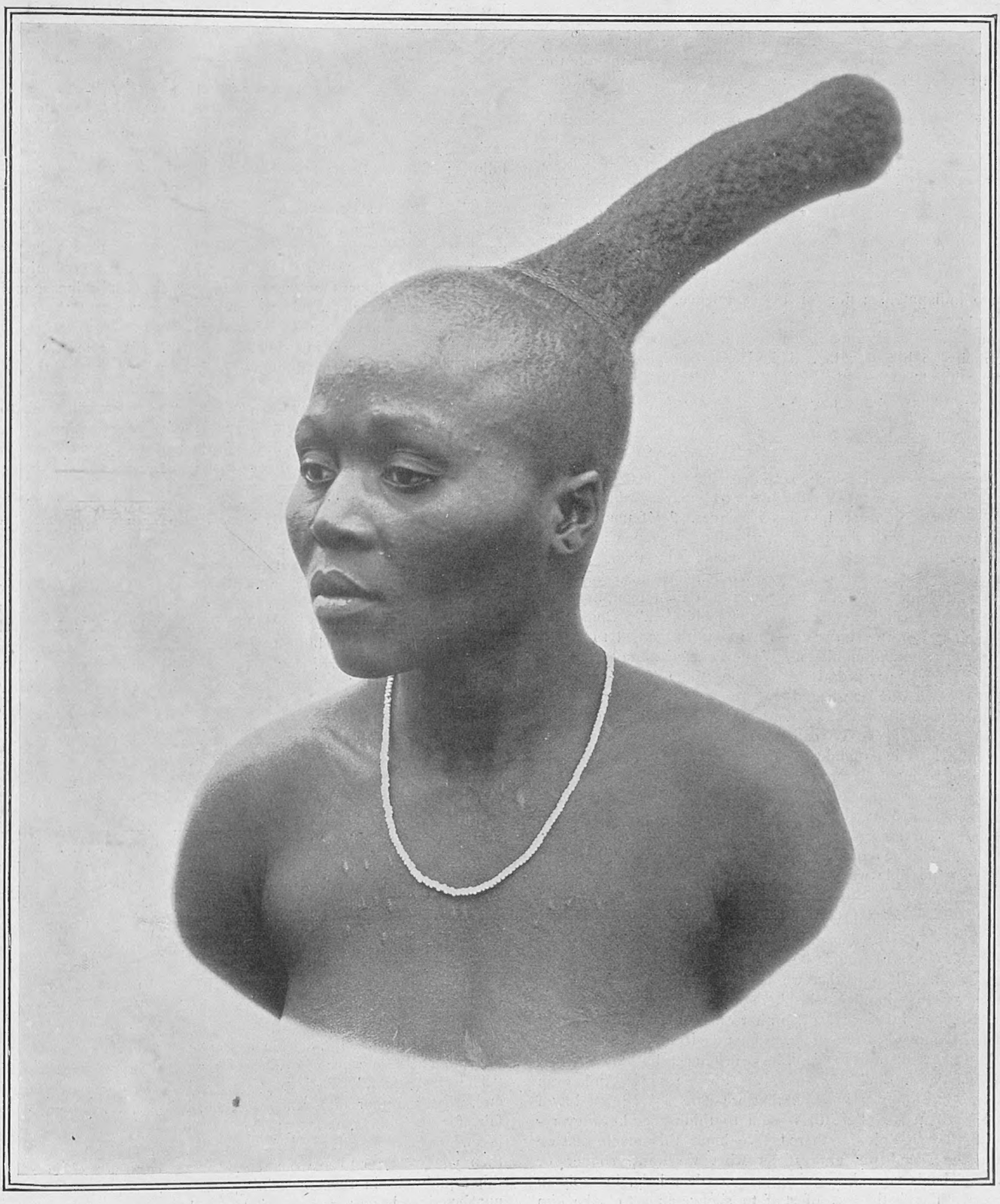
The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909. SIXPENCE.



THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.